

12613 b-31

THE
AMICABLE QUIXOTE;
OR,
THE ENTHUSIASM
OF
FRIENDSHIP.

VOL. IV.

AMERICAN GUILD

THE ENTIRE

OF

THE



THE
AMICABLE QUIXOTE;
OR,
THE ENTHUSIASM
OF
FRIENDSHIP.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.
VOL. IV.

Ainsi que le cours des années
Se forme des jours et des nuits,
Le cercle de nos destinés
Est marqué de joie et d'ennuis.
Le ciel, par un ordre équitable,
Rend l'un et l'autre profitable ;
Et dans ces inégalités,
Souvent la sagesse suprême
Sait tirer notre bonheur même
Du sein de nos calamités.

J. B. ROUSSEAU.

L O N D O N :
PRINTED FOR J. WALTER, CHARING-CROSS.
M.DCC.LXXXVIII.

THE
AMICABLE QUIXOTE

OF
THE ENTHUSIASM

OF
FRIENDSHIP

IN FOUR VOLUMES



LONDON

PRINTED BY J. WATTS, CHARING-CROSS.

MDCCLXXXIII.

THE
AMICABLE QUIXOTE.

CHAP. XXXI.

Even libertines might be good, if folly, more than vice, did not lead them astray; for the most general enjoyments are within the verge of purity, and refinement adds a zest to pleasure, unknown to licentiousness.

GORDIAN KNOT—*by Mr. GRIFFITHS.*

A Melancholy and unexpected event, at this time, came to the knowledge of Bruce; an event which chilled his pleasures, and led him to a serious retrospect of his late conduct. The death of

Lady Bruce, his mother, an amiable woman, whose virtues were of that domestic kind, which Pope so skilfully praises in his epitaph on Mrs. Corbett :

“ Passion and pride were to her soul unknown,
 Convinc'd that virtue only is our own.
 So unaffected, so compos'd a mind,
 So firm, yet soft; so strong, yet so refin'd !
 Heav'n, as it's purest gold, by tortures try'd ;
 The faint sustain'd it, but the woman dy'd.”

This might be justly said of Lady Bruce. The ferocity of her husband, the violence of his temper, the sly arts of tormenting, which he thoroughly understood, and wantonly exerted, had subdued her spirit, and broke her heart. She languished many years under the tortures inflicted, in various ways, by arbitrary power and endless caprice. Her gentle-

ness, her affection, and her uncommon sense of duty, prevented her ever retorting his malicious cruelty; and she died, at the age of forty-seven, a victim to her own virtues, and her husband's malevolence.

Bruce, to whom she had, in his youth, shewn an affection truly maternal, loved her with excess of tenderness, and was half frantic at hearing of her death. His fears of Sir Stephen Bruce, his father, had prevented his shewing himself at home, during the manœuvre in which he was at present engaged; and his ignorance of Lady Bruce's illness had made him deficient in anxiety to see her. Emily and Orford both endeavoured to console him; one by serious expostulation, the other by rallying him on the weakness of his head, and the strength of his feelings.

Sir Edward Bryant and the family were, a few weeks after the death of Lady Bruce, invited, with Colonel Orford, to pass a day at Sir Stately Perfect's, with whom Sir Edward had commenced an acquaintance, and whom Orford had met in town, since his interview with Miss Dawkins in distress. Of the company at Sir Stately's, Emily, to the high gratification of her curiosity, met Sir Stephen Bruce, the father of her lover. When Orford entered, he took an opportunity to go to the window with Sir Stephen, where Emily overheard the following conversation.

Sir S. B. What a lucky fellow one is, Orford, to be known to this charming family, Sir Stately and his ward—I suppose you are acquainted with her? I thought
what

what brought you here, you foldier——

Yes, yes, you puppy, I see what you come about——but it won't do, I dare say——

Well, you wretch, have you heard from my son lately? Where is he now? Why I'm told, that he has lately left Oxford, and gone to some other part of England. Is this true, you rogue?

Col. O. I am quite delighted, Sir Stephen, to see you in such spirits after your late melancholy loss: I was almost afraid to speak to you, for you looked so low, and so chap-fallen, that it portended a burst of grief and anguish.

Sir Stephen. What now, you rake, you're beginning to rally again. Well, faith, though you——you look well, you goose——yes you do, and I'm pleased to see it. Ay, as you say, Orford, I am

bereft——quite deprived. Here I am, as you see, such as I am. But pray, you monkey, do tell me——I hope George has no thoughts of coming home yet, the blockhead, has he? I intend to write the ape word of his poor, dear, dead mother's departure, next week——Now, the fool, if he arrives, which Heaven forbid, at any other place before I write, my letter will not reach the cur.

Col. O. No, Sir Stephen, no——I dare say he will remain where he is for some time. But, pray, I am sorry to find you do not send him any supplies. Here he is obliged to live upon his own private income, from the little estate his uncle left him, and I hear you never remit.

Sir Stephen. Why, the beast, he never submits; and therefore why the deuce should

should I *remit*? No, no, the cormorant, he wants me to support his extravagance; but I won't, the monster! No, no, let the leech suck somewhere else——Why, the inordinate sot, do I ever interfere in the payment of his own money?

Col. O. No, to be sure.

Sir Stephen. Why then, what the devil right has he, the knave, to interfere in the payment of mine?

Col. O. Faith, you don't find he interferes. It was only I spoke as a good friend to you and him. I would wish to see you both upon the best terms.

Sir Stephen. No, no, you fiend, *your* terms are too high.

Col. O. Come, Sir Stephen, I know you are a little violent in your temper——

Sir Stephen. Why, you chit, how dare you say so? Every body knows, you traitor, that I am the most calm—the coolest—you smile now, you hound——you dare to smile. Well, Orford, George will see, one day or other, whether I have been the father I ought to be—and yet, the double booby, he does not care about *me*——you don't suppose the young devil cares about *me*——but however I may find means to nick him. Well, and what d'ye think of this house? 'Tis pretty, is not it? But, above all——above all, you slave, what d'ye think of Miss Dawkins? There, you rebel, there's a little wench, is not there?—young and good humoured. As to her guardian, the crab, he seems but a stiff fellow——but
then

then the young lady—she, she, she—yes, she is—yes, she is—she is a fine lass.

Col. O. Bless me, Sir Stephen, why you seem elevated.

Sir Stephen. Why, you log, is she not charming enough to elevate any man. What, you think I'm as insensible as George. I wanted him, the oaf, to marry before he went abroad, but the ninny refused it; and it was to a fine portly piece too.

Col. O. But he never saw her.

Sir Stephen. So it was a sign, the idiot. In short, Orford, I have not seen a girl I like so well as this nymph.

Col. O. Good Heavens, Sir Stephen! why your late charming wife has not been dead a month—and you appear to be thinking of another!

Sir

Sir Stephen. No doubt, you dog——
I'm not to do it without thinking——
But a truce, you fly-flap, with your
remarks; is not Miss Dawkins, the dear
pretty little angel, is not she handsome?

Col. O. Why—a—yes—Rather.

Sir Stephen. “Rather”—Now I know,
you buzzard, I know, you think she is
exquisitely pretty, but you have not a
mind to tell me so, because you want, you
villain, to be busy yourself.

Col. O. No, on my honour, Sir Ste-
phen, I never intended to——

Sir Stephen. Come, you maggot, I
seldom rely on what you say; I know—

Col. O. Sir Stephen, what d'ye mean?
—D'ye consider I wear a sword?

Sir Stephen. Yes, you butterfly, and
that's all you do with it——Come, no
big

big looks——I won't be fought——No, no, send for George, from wherever he is, you swaggerer——D'ye expect me to venture my lungs in love——

Col. O. Why they are all you have to venture——So now we are quits.

Sir Stephen. If the lady, you coxcomb, prefer you to me——

Col. O. Who talks of preferring? I dare say there can be no doubt, when it comes to the point.

Sir Stephen. This is sarcasm, you vapour, this is sarcasm——Go, go, evaporate out of the room——Go, you breeze, go——waft yourself away——Why don't you go, you saucy zephyr——Be gone, and let me see no more of you.

Col. O. Pray, Sir Stephen, be serious.

Let

Let us endeavour to come to a right understanding.

Sir Stephen. With all my heart, you hind——come, sit down.

Col. O. I hope, Sir Stephen, you are not serious in designing to pay your addresses to Miss Dawkins. Consider, a little decency is requisite.

Sir Stephen. Why now, what business have you, you pumpkin, with my decency? Let my decency alone, you meddler! It will get no addition by you, I am sure.

Col. O. No, that I verily think; for I always assert, that if there was one woman more charming, more worthy, more uniform, than another, it was Lady Bruce——

Sir

Sir Stephen. What do I hear, you weasel! How dare you now, you parasite——

Col. O. As a friend, she was constant and zealous; as a woman, she was delicate, gentle, and elegant; as a wife, she was virtuous, endearing, and generous. Her whole life was a series of good actions; and her death does her equal honour, for she died a martyr to your cruelty.

Sir Stephen. Don't speak so loud, you bull; don't roar so! you'll raise the house.

Col. O. I wish I could raise the dead, and restore your amiable wife to her sorrowing friends.

Sir Stephen. I wish, you imp——you would restore some of my sorrowing friends to her, you ass——But, be quiet
now.

now, for here's somebody coming—not a word now, you lump, about the departed —Don't *rib-roast* me.

Miss Dawkins now entered. After the usual compliments, and enquiry after the colonel's friend : " I hope," said Miss Dawkins to Sir Stephen Bruce, " that " you find your spirits much amended " since I had last the pleasure of seeing " you."

Sir Stephen. Can it be otherwise, madam, when I find myself in your company, you lovely angel !

Miss D. Why do you love so much to flatter, Sir Stephen ? I imagined your good sense was even superior to your good breeding.

Col. O. Dear madam, never suspect Sir Stephen of flattery—he is too old for that.

Sir

Sir Stephen. Was there ever, you floven, was there ever such an abuse! —This lady, you miscreant, knows better.

Miss D. Indeed I do, Sir Stephen; for I am sure what you then said was the very height of adulation—I thank you, Sir, for your irony.

Sir Stephen. Orford, I am very glad, you Newgate bird, that I early found you out—You know it was in the former part of my life that I foretold, you crimp, what you would come to——

Col. O. What, before I was born, Sir Stephen? Please to recollect, you and I came of age together. I reached twenty-one the day you entered your grand climacteric——about seven years since!

Sir Stephen. Why, you walking libel—

I was

I was not fifty——upon my soul, I was not fifty, madam.

Col. O. I don't believe you.

Sir Stephen. Hear me, you atheist——your father was my senior at school.

Col. O. I own it——when you was there, which was seldom the case——but indeed they always kept a vacant place for you at the bottom of the class: you followed exactly the precept in the Gospel, “Take thy seat in the lowest place.”——And truly it was the only precept you did follow, for that place no one could prevail upon you to resign.

Dinner was now announced. They passed the day with some amusement.—Miss Dawkins attached herself very much to Emily, who encouraged her civilities in order to learn more of Sir Stephen Bruce's

Bruce's character and designs. Miss Dawkins engaged Emily to pass the next morning in her carriage; an invitation which she readily accepted, and punctually fulfilled.

C H A P. XXXI.

Fall'n cherub, to be weak is miserable
 Doing or suffering : but of this be sure,
 To do ought good never will be our task,
 But ever to do ill our sole delight.

MILTON'S PAR. LOST, Book I.

WHEN Emily arrived, the next morning, at Sir Stately Perfect's, Miss Dawkins had just breakfasted, and Sir Stately was going to ride. The conversation on Miss Bryant's part thus began : I am to thank you for a very agreeable evening I passed, yesterday, with your friend, Sir Stephen Bruce. He was very facetious. He is quite a character, but really very entertaining.

Miss

Miss D. A strange creature, to be sure—What principally diverts me is, that agreeable mixture of epithets which he lavishes upon every body, and that undistinguishing generosity with which he bestows them alike to all. He is a widower, I think?

Emily. Dear madam, did you not know that?

Miss D. He once hinted it, I believe.

Emily. "Hinted!"—Madam, the pains he takes to let every one know it, are incredible. Why, immediately after his lady died, who was a most charming woman, every way, gentle and amiable—

Miss D. It would not be very desirable for any one who could bring themselves to marry Sir Stephen, to be the successor of so very "charming, gentle, amiable a

woman :”—But you was going to mention his behaviour at her death ?

Emily. He had her death seventeen times advertised ; he furnished eleven accounts of her funeral, in each of which he made a mistake, that one detail might correct another ; he had her hatchment nine times new painted, for he brutally said, “ she had had nine lives.”——He made a will for her, where he counterfeited her own hand ; and, disinheriting himself, he made her leave nothing to her husband, but ill-spelled abuse. This will he published. He invited some of her male relations to the funeral, and made them so drunk, that they fell under the table ; then he left them, went out of town, and whispered a servant, as he was going out, “ *Let the dead bury their dead.*”

He

He now always speaks of her with a mixture of cunning rancour, and insidious calumny ; and, for fear people should respect her memory, he is always *forgiving her*. I make it a rule to speak openly of these infamous transactions, wherever I hear Sir Stephen or his late excellent wife mentioned, that no lady may be duped, by his artifices, to marry him : all a wife can expect from him, will, to my certain knowledge, be a wretched existence, and a broken heart.

The very earnest manner in which Emily spoke, apparently struck Miss Dawkins. She paused very seriously, and continued pensive for a few minutes ; then, suddenly bursting into a loud laugh, “ Could any woman think of marrying
“ Sir Stephen, even without hearing what

“ you now say ? I hope no friend of mine
 “ will be so weak as to be led away by
 “ his fortune, and his protestations. But
 “ why do you suppose he ever would wish
 “ to marry again !”

Emily. I am very sure he would be glad
 to have another victim, as soon as possible.
 Few people can live without loving
 to shew power ; and no power is shewn
 so successfully as that of a husband.

Miss D. Besides, Sir Stephen is old—

Emily. And very ugly.

Miss D. You told me, too, that he has
 a very elegant young man, a son.

Emily. Who is Colonel Orford’s intimate friend. He has been some time at
 Oxford.

Miss D. Does he propose returning
 soon to London ?

Emily.

Emily. He likes his present situation very much; and, as his father and he do not agree very well, he may possibly remain there for some time.

Miss D. Perhaps the young man is too extravagant?

Emily. Hardly——at least, not at his father's expence, for he never remits any supplies in any way.

Miss D. Then it is scarcely to be expected that he will ever come home, and live in his father's house.

Emily. He may at some future period; but as he is a most agreeable and delightful companion, very much esteemed by his friends, and greatly admired by the women, he may marry himself.

Miss D. Nay, if he is so agreeable a man, he must be a very desirable inmate;

and I think no wife of Sir Stephen could object to his residence at his father's.

Emily. I sincerely hope I shall never see any woman in a situation to make the objection.

Miss D. O yes—Ay—very true—very true—A woman must be mad to marry such a wretch as Sir Stephen, knowing all you know: I give you my word, if ever I see any of my female acquaintance likely to be drawn away, and hooked into marriage by him, I shall do all in my power to deter them.

Emily. Certainly; for, super-added to his want of principle, his passions are so furious, his temper so crabbed, and his profligacy so excessive, that a woman runs every risk with him.

Miss D. And his former lady, you say,
indulged

indulged him very much, was the slave of his whims, and gratified him to her own destruction.

Emily. No tongue can speak her sufferings—Colonel Orford knew her well—He honoured her as a woman born to make her husband happy, and who would not have swerved from her duty to purchase an empire. Colonel Orford is, and ever was, a free liver; but even he declares himself indebted to her example for having, at least, learned to reverence the virtues which he is too licentious to practise.

Miss D. By this account, then, Sir Stephen's heart could not be gained by another wife, or his tenderness secured, even by imitating the good qualities of the first Lady Bruce.

Emily.

Emily. Nothing can secure it. I would much sooner depend upon a weathercock, than upon his affection. If any girl of your acquaintance is weak enough to be attracted by his title, or fortune, pray caution them against the depravities of Sir Stephen. But, I think, no woman, who is not very old, very ugly, very poor, or very credulous, can be prevailed upon to marry him.

Miss D. Yet, I should imagine there may be some women simple enough; for, you know, one story is good till another is heard.

Emily. If you believe Sir Stephen, he has been every thing that is upright and desirable; but, as I have already told you, he is not to be depended upon. I need not say much more upon a theme so
very

very disagreeable, and therefore will end the subject with my entreaties to you to take care of any friend who may be in danger.

After a few additional arguments, they went into the carriage; and, after a long ride, Emily returned to Sir Edward's.

C H A P. XXXII.

This proud dame
 Us'd him so like a base rascallion,
 That old Pyg—(what d'ye call him?)—Malion,
 Who cut his mistress out of stone,
 Had not so hard a hearted one.

HUDIBRAS, Part I. c. 3.

A Fortnight had now elapsed since Emily's first visit at Sir Stately Perfect's, and about six weeks since the death of Lady Bruce, when the day was announced to Emily, in a morning call by Miss Dawkins, on which the latter came of age, when she was to have the disposal of her own person, to which was annexed a small fortune, left her by her father. In a very affectionate manner she communicated

municated to Miss Bryant a secret of the greatest importance ; that she was to marry Sir Stephen Bruce on her approaching birth-day ! Emily remained in astonishment for some time ; but, recollecting herself, she concealed her real sentiments, and wished Miss Dawkins all imaginable happiness. The latter, after hoping the best, earnestly solicited Emily, for whom she entertained a violent partiality, to be present at the wedding.—Curiosity and good humour induced her to acquiesce, and she was informed that it would take place on the Friday following. After gaining Emily's promise of attendance, Miss Dawkins withdrew. Emily attended on the appointed day, and the marriage was solemnized with great splendour.

Bruce was shocked at this intelligence; the insult offered to the memory of the late charming woman, whose virtues he so highly revered, cost him some tears; and he was astonished at the folly of Miss Dawkins, who could sacrifice youth and beauty, to wealth, asperity, and licentiousness.

In a few weeks, Emily received a visit from Lady Bruce, and was surprised to see her with a disconsolate air; her face, which had received a blow on one cheek, was excessively swelled, and she shewed other marks of ill usage.

The surprise of Emily was, in some measure, increased by Lady Bruce's narrative of a dispute which had arisen the day before, between Sir Stephen and his bride: the consequence of this event was
such

Such a phrenzy in the mind of Sir Stephen, that he struck his lady more than once; and, as no servant dared to interfere, she ran some danger of her life. When Sir Stephen cooled, he fell upon his knees before Lady Bruce, and entreated her pardon; he called Heaven to witness, that he would never again act so like a brute: he was forgiven; a new difference of opinion arose, and, before they parted, he struck her again.

Emily shrunk with horror at the detail. She soothed the distresses of Lady Bruce with fond and tender alleviation. The latter, after some tears, resumed her spirits: she smiled at Emily; and, addressing her, “ Can you blame me, if I am determined to subdue such a monster? Will the world, however harshly they are
 “ inclined

“inclined to treat disobedient wives, will
 “they condemn me for securing my per-
 “sonal safety, and peace of mind, by a
 “temporary exertion of courage?—I will
 “conquer this wretch, or die!” Emily
 dissuaded her from venturing upon so dan-
 gerous an experiment; she smiled again:
 “Come to-morrow—it is Sunday; you
 “shall see how I will manage it.” Emily
 promised to breakfast with her, and Lady
 Bruce withdrew.

Emily called the next day on Lady
 Bruce, who was in the drawing-room with
 some friends, a Mr. and Mrs. Elwys, Sir
 Stately Perfect, and Dean Dry; Sir Ste-
 phen Bruce was also there. She seemed
 excessively gay, laughed, sung, and con-
 versed with all the company, except—
 Sir Stephen: her answers to him were
 cold.

cold monosyllables, and her behaviour lofty and reserved. At dinner he drank her health. She returned his civilities with a formal inclination of her head, and renewed a conversation with Miss Bryant. Sir Stephen, in the evening, would not allow the servant to carry her coffee; he presented it himself: "I do not drink any coffee," said Lady Bruce, with an air of shrinking from his offer. She continued laughing with Miss Bryant. Presently, seeming to recollect herself: "Mr. Elwys, tell the servant to bring me some coffee." The whole room was in amazement. Sir Stephen coloured, bit his lips, and turned to the window. Sir Stately Perfect felt *his* dignity offended: "Lady Bruce, I once thought you had generosity."—*Lady Bruce*. Where was

I to get it, Sir? And what am I to do with it, when I have it? You had it, Sir, once in your life; you gave *me* away with a most disinterested prodigality.

Such was the situation of Sir Stephen Bruce, the superannuated profligate; who had, in his doatage, married a woman of high spirit, and uncommon beauty, expecting to govern her with an undisputed sway.

Colonel Orford came in soon after. Lady Bruce rose, at his entrance, without the least confusion at his significant bow: "My dear, good colonel, how do you do? I have long expected the pleasure of seeing you.—Sir Stephen, allow me to present to you Colonel Orford, a friend to whom I have more obligations than you, or I, can ever repay. His merit as an officer, his zeal as a friend, and

“and his accomplishments as a man of
“distinguished gallantry, are too well
“known for me to add to the fame he so
“justly has acquired.”

Sir Ste. B. What, my dear colonel,
you rogue, what—was it you that did my
sweet Lady Bruce the kindness to assist
her, when she had like to have broke her
neck!

Lady B. Yes, Sir Stephen; and if the
colonel should ever find *you* in the same
situation, I dare say he will be kind
enough to assist me again.

The studied sneer with which she said
this, made the blood fly from Sir Ste-
phen's cheeks; he sighed very deeply,
and then going up to her, he tenderly
took her hand: “Any body but you
“might lose a friend by a jest, but with

“*you* that is impossible.” — “The
 “greatest use,” said Lady Bruce, “that
 “my pleasantry has been of to me, is the
 “dismissal of those people I despise —
 “it has always, at least, kept them at
 “their proper distance.” She drew away
 her hand; and, walking majestically up
 the room, she continued — “There-
 “fore, Colonel Orford, come and sit
 “down in this chair — You see I know
 “how to keep every one at their *proper*
 “distance.”

Col. O. I attend you this morning,
 Lady Bruce, only to offer my best and
 sincerest wishes upon this very happy
 occasion —

Lady B. You are to know, Sir Stephen,
 that Colonel Orford's transcendant merit
 is *irony*. He uses himself so much to the
 exercise

exercise of it, that he cannot help indulging it upon *all* occasions.

Poor Sir Stephen again started at this attack; he felt his love contemptuously treated, his respectability wounded, and his late conduct justly punished by the asperity of his bride's temper. The colonel scarcely knew what to think, and Sir Stately walked away in fullen silence.

Mrs. Elw. You intend to go into the country, Lady Bruce, very soon.

Sir Ste. B. We shall set off in a few days, I believe.

Lady B. This is not the season for London. I have some thoughts of going to Brighton.

Col. O. London is not very full, just now: I should think Brighton a very agreeable *sejour* for a few weeks.

Lady B. Do you think so? Then I will certainly go there — We'll set off to-morrow.

Sir Ste. B. So we will, my love — The coach will just carry Sir Stately, you, and I, and any other friend you please.

Lady B. I have already told you, that I asked Mrs. Elwys — She will go in the coach, and you may ride.

Sir Ste. B. But, my angel, you know I have not my mare in use! — She is not well.

Lady B. And would you be so unkind now as to leave her while she is confined? For shame! I thought you had more good breeding. No, I think you had much better stay, and nurse your nag — Do you continue long in town, colonel? — I mean, with reference to yourself — for

—for it can never appear so to your friends.

Col. O. I find your ladyship is a judge of irony indeed ! I shall, I fancy, remain there a few weeks—unless you throw an inducement in my way, by favouring Brighton with your presence, and your humble servant with your patronage, by admitting me in your suite.

Lady B. Nay, you know, colonel, I am so giddy, that my companions have a great deal of trouble to bear with my volatility.

Sir Ste. B. If they love you half as well as I do—

Lady B. They would make themselves agreeable—if they could—If that was impossible, which is the case with one or two of them, they would leave me to

myself, and not be always putting me in mind of *my* contempt, and *their* insignificance.

A haughty and contracted brow was the accompaniment to this speech. Sir Stephen approached her; he went on one knee: "Dear, dear Harriet, how can "you treat me so?—I have not offended "you to-day——indeed I have not——If "I have, tell me how far I am ignorant "of my misdemeanor."

Lady B. That's strange, for you are *old* enough to know better.

Sir Ste. B. It's cruel, you angel, to make reflections in consequence of my age!

Lady B. So you seem to think, for you never make any reflections at all.

Sir

Sir Ste. B. I find, you alluring witch, what you think of me.

Lady B. You rejoice me, Sir Stephen, by your uncommon depth of discernment: I shall not need words to assist me.

Sir Ste. B. I tell you what, you bold beauty—you never want words.

Lady B. You do—and therefore you make them.

Sir Ste. B. But tell me, now, insinuating girl, do I contradict you?

Lady B. Pray, Sir Stephen, let me ask you one question, and thank my complacency for such a condescension, when my time might be so much better employed——

Sir Ste. B. Was there ever, you heap of charms, was——

Lady

Lady B. Colonel, I have been so used to converse with people who understood common decency, that I beg you to relieve me, by your lively chat, from the disagreeable contemplation of ill-breeding.

Sir Ste. B. Cruel fair!—how you flight your friend!

Lady B. I introduced the colonel to you, Sir Stephen—for which I make all proper apologies, where they are so highly due.

Sir Ste. B. Madam, I take whatever you please for granted, so—

Lady B. Then take a chair, with my warmest recommendations to sit down.

Sir Ste. B. Well, my pretty one—I love you, even best, when you indulge in such out of the way *airs*.

Lady B. There we are agreed again—
Go,

Go, and walk in the garden——and I shall be just as partial to you for the same reason.

Sir Ste. B. You have a charming laugh, you beguiler; you smile divinely.

Lady B. Yes——you talked of going.

Sir Ste. B. Why, there again——my dear little perfection.—Am I not happy, Orford? hay, you rake? Tell me, profligate, don't you think this is better than leading a damned, dissolute life, among a pack of brother libertines, as you do?

Col. O. Nay, Sir Stephen, if you had not married so lovely a woman as your present lady, we should bring you among us again——but now, I suppose, we shall never see you in our society any more.

Lady B. “It's an ill wind”——You see, colonel——I did not know how many
people

people were obliged to me. I fancy the first Lady Bruce must have been happier, upon the whole, than I apprehended.

Sir Ste. B. One thing, Gentleness, I must mention to you; which is, my desire that you will not mention my late unhappy woman of a wife——She is gone——I forgive her, and so let us hear no more about her——I shall be displeased if I do.

Lady B. Sir Stephen Bruce, I mentioned her in order to praise her; to do honour to the memory of one, whose virtues I applaud, and whose death I very, very sincerely lament. If you imagine that I spoke of her with any other idea than that of reverence, you wrong me as much as you did her. It is *your* interest to make me forget her; but of that there
is

is no fear, for she can never want a vindicator, nor I a monitor——when you are present.

Sir Ste. B. Death and hell! you force, do you imagine I am to be talked out of my honour, and my character——Madam, you never knew her, or you would not say so much——But I see *your* drift——You use me ill, you tempter, you use me ill. I say again, never——I had, almost said, never *dare* to speak of that vile, that cursed, dead, woman again; if ever I hear——

Lady B. (Putting up her fan on the side of her face) Sir Stephen, I am not quite proof against the only powerful defence you have of your character——that very clamorous voice——A voice which should, by all common estimates, be much
more

more feeble at your age. Pray recollect, that avarice is consonant to old age; and let me find you never exhibiting any thing but a frugal fury: a proper œconomy of anger is very desirable; and always, therefore, observe to contract your *wrath*, and your *brow*, at the same time.

Sir Stephen was going to answer her sneers, but a violent cough cut off his speech. Lady Bruce, while they were running to assist him, as the spasm was very long, sat in her chair; and when Sir Stephen recovered: “ You see, now, “ what these exertions produce; I think, “ Sir, you had better have some *oath* “ lozenges, for fear the fit should grow “ worse.”

Sir Ste. B. Thou stinging creature——
Is there any way of curing *your* disorder?

O, that

—O, that face, that face!—Well, come now, my sweet, dear Harriet—let us leave this warfare, and—

Lady B. “Warfare!” I beg, Sir Stephen, it may be understood that I never make war on those who are not my match.

Sir Ste. B. Then, madam, since you are so bitter, and seem to think it becomes you, by all that’s mighty, I’ll—Ah! that smile, and those eyes, those charming eyes! Can’t we be happy? Indeed we may, if you please—I’ll forgive all that’s—

Lady B. If you was likely to improve by studying, I should imagine you studied to insult me—Not that you are to suppose an insult from *you* could reach me—

Sir Ste. B. Faith, you rude one, I'll try if——

Lady B. No, you had better let it alone——It will do infinitely more for your peace as it is at present——not that I have any objection, only mention the time, because I am now engaged; nor would I have any friend present to be a witness that I could stoop to so ignominious a victory.

The bitter asperity of this speech, and the contempt displayed in it, fired Sir Stephen, who now felt all his *ancient courage revive*.

Sir Ste. B. Tell me, my pretty pest——tell me, how you presume to treat a man thus, whose power and whose spirit you know so well. Do not think to Hector——I am no tame——no servile wretch

wretch——In the great course of events which my life has——

Lady B. Colonel Orford, oblige me so far as to ring that bell——I had mentioned this as my hour for dressing; but I cannot, by any means, deprive you of the pleasure to see Sir Stephen expose himself; therefore I shall send word to my handmaids to postpone their attendance.

The servant entered; and when he had received his message, and retired, Lady Bruce turned to Miss Bryant; “Do, my dear Emily, tell Sir Stephen where he left off, for I suppose you attended to him.”

Sir Ste. B. By all that’s fiery——

Lady B. Turn your face to the people——always in an invocation!——

Sir Ste. B. By perdition, I'll make that example of you, Lady Bruce!—You don't know me—I see you don't know me, or you would not dare to—

Lady B. *Allons donc*—expand your character—open your heart—and if you want to be further known, open your head—I am disinterested; and I am sure you are, when you talk of making yourself known.

Sir Ste. B. These jests, these sneers, you ungrateful forcerefs, are too poor for my notice—But I'll let you know, you traitrefs—I'll pour forth my displeasure upon you!

Lady B. Well then—come, tap your testy disposition, and let us see your vengeance guggle through those omnipotent lips!—Come, why d'ye stand staring,
and

and gaping at me?—*Depechez*—I had nearly said, don't keep the company in suspense; but that they already know so well what to expect from you.

Sir Ste. B. Lady Bruce, I perceive your intentions—I do indeed—But I'll keep my temper.

Lady B. That you certainly ought—for you will never keep your word—nor I shall never keep my countenance.

Sir Ste. B. Is this—I appeal to you all—when I am just married—is this proper treatment?—Lady Bruce, Lady Bruce—these my friends heard you promise me solemnly, in the face of the Church, all that love and obedience which sweetens and prolongs life—but I see, I quickly discover your designs—I shall

put an end to them, madam : I tell you, you are now my wife !——

Lady B. Don't call names ! My misfortunes are too obvious to deserve that contemptuous epithet.

Sir Ste. B. How can you be so barbarous, you witch !——Am I not your husband ? Have you not married me ? And have I not been constantly with you since our marriage ?

Lady B. Bless me ! yes, “ *I acknowledge my transgression, and my Sin is ever before me.*”

Colonel Orford now rose. He found the disputes began to grow serious. He was afraid lest he might be made a party concerned ; and conjugal asperity is, of all evils, that in which strangers choose
least

least to be concerned. He made a bow to Lady Bruce, and said he intended to pay his respects to her, as soon as she arrived at Brighton; that he was at present rather in haste, but would certainly keep himself disengaged during the period of her residence there. To Sir Stephen he made the same promise; and added his warmest invitations to them to honour his house with their company when that time came. Sir Stephen took him very civilly by the hand; “ If I am well enough, you
 “ pig, I’ll undoubtedly see you; but I am
 “ so out of sorts, that I hardly think I
 “ shall come at all. I respect you, you
 “ monkey——Yes I do; I love you very
 “ much——I do still love you——But
 “ take care how you marry, you young
 “ batchelor; take care how you marry—

“ You was very right when you cautioned
“ me against”——

Orford was alarmed: “ I beg, Sir
“ Stephen, that you will never say I
“ dropt a hint of advice in any thing that
“ concerned you: I am not so imperti-
“ nent as to interfere in marriages, either
“ before or after.”

Sir Ste. B. Why now, did you not tell
me, that if I married Miss Dawkins, I
should——

Col. O. Never have merit enough to
deserve her.

Sir Ste. B. How dare you, you ostrich,
digest that falsehood?—— You said to
me, that you knew Miss Dawkins; that
she had spirit, and would not bear to be
contradicted. I thought her amiable,
and depended upon that smiling, gay face,
the

the counterfeit, I did ; and so am deceived !

Lady B. Thus it shall befall
Him who, to worth in women overtrusting,
Let's her will rule ; restraint she will not brook.

You have read Milton, Sir Stephen ?

Sir Ste. B. Damn Milton, madam !

Lady B. Don't be displeased, Sir ; I did not ask if you *understood* him, or I should have exposed my own ignorance of you by the question. I meant, Sir, that since you quitted your single state——your state of *celibacy*, Sir Stephen, Ha ! ha ! ha !——you must have contemplated *Paradise Lost* !

Sir Ste. B. Yes, yes——that I have reason to do——But I don't want any of your smart retorts—you sphynx—No—no—be quiet.

Lady B.

Forc'd compliments and formal bows
Will show thee just above neglect;
The heat with which thy lover glows
Will settle into cold respect.

There's a touch of my favourite Prior
for you—I must suppose, colonel, that
you have read Prior. He is the ritual of
a lover.

Sir Ste. B. D'ye suppose the colonel
minds such trash, you gabblor?—No,
he is above it—Once more, don't pro-
voke me again, you romp you. No more
of your absurd talk—I am patient, you
pert prattler; patient and kind.

Lady B. Let me recollect—I don't
immediately possess the whole passage. As
to your patience and kindness,

“There's not an African
That traverses our vast Numidian deserts
In quest of prey, and lives upon his bow,
But better practises these boasted virtues.”

Now

Now I've thrown a few lines at you from Addison's Cato, I beg the favour of your impertinence not to compel me to more recitation, for I may not be prepared for you—and then I shall appear despicable indeed!

Sir Ste. B. Damn it, I'll bear it no longer! If you presume, you wench, to repeat any more of your saucy stuff—I'll put an end to your hoarse pipe, I will, you spouter. How dare you!—

Lady B. That's hard now, very hard! —You've talked yourself black in the face; and, a little while ago, you was pale as a sheet! But so it is;

“The raven once in snowy plumes was dress'd,

“White as the whitest dove's unsoil'd breast;

“His tongue, his prating tongue, had chang'd him quite

“To sooty blackness from the purest white.”

There

There is more Addison for you, and very pat to the purpose: if I remember right, it's a translation from Ovid——a book, Sir Stephen, that you probably perused when you last read your Bible, and knew as much about.—Ah, dear Ovid! how can I face *thy* tribunal, after what I have done? To have no companion that will do my caprices some credit, that will be gallantly galled by my lively disposition!——

Sir Ste. B. Yes, yes, you hag, that's what you want—to sacrifice a worthy man to your vile disposition.

Lady B. True——Heaven took away a charming admirer I had——of it's great goodness treated me like Abraham——would not suffer me to sacrifice my only favourite, but providentially sent me an
animal

animal in his room, which serves the purpose much better.

Sir Ste. B. Hell and despair! you—you bloody jester—you she-wolf! Is it come to this!—Have you——

Lady B. Very true, very true, I had forgot—I forgot your portrait, which I always keep in my mind's eye—Excellent thing to have a husband,

“ Whose buz the witty and the fair annoys,
 “ Yet wit ne'er tastes, nor gallantry enjoys;
 “ So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
 “ In mumbling of the game they cannot bite:
 “ Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
 “ As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.”——

Sir Ste. B. You eternal fiend!—D'ye suppose I'll——

Lady B. Silence—I have not done.

“ Whether in *florid impotence* he speaks,
 “ And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks;
 “ Or at the ear of Eve, familiar toad,
 “ Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad——
 “ Amphibious

“Amphibious thing! that, acting either part,

“The trifling head, or the corrupted heart.

“Eve’s tempter”——

Sir Stephen could hold no longer——
 He strided across the room, and fiercely
 laying his hand upon the arm of his lady,
 asked her “*What she meant?*” Colonel
 Orford, disagreeably as he was situated,
 was going to interfere; but, before he
 could come up to them, Lady Bruce,
 with a violent, but not ungraceful effort,
 spurned Sir Stephen from her, and almost
 threw him down; then marching sedately
 up to the other end of the room, sat down
 in a chair with the most perfect air of
 contemptuous dignity. Miss Bryant was
 greatly terrified: “Do, my dear Lady
 “Bruce, be composed. Allow me to
 “entreat a reconciliation between Sir
 “Stephen

“ Stephen and yourself—I am sure he
“ will overlook your little gaiety”——

Lady B. Are you mad, Emily?——
“ *Overlook*”—and, “ *my little gaiety.*” If
he dares to forget the treatment he has
met with, he shall repent it—

Sir Ste. B. Zounds! why, you noisy
one, the very company will depart, if you
behave in this way.

Lady B. Yes, your guests will all for-
sake you; I shall be left in dull solitude,
and you’ll have none but your wenches
to fly to:

“ So have I seen a king at chess,
“ His Rooks and Knights withdrawn;
“ His Queen and Bishops in distress,
“ Shifting about, grow less and less,
“ With here and there a pawn.”

Thank ye, Dryden!—Come, that’s
pretty pat again. How much good poetry
have

have I thrown away this morning ! What a pity it is that a good memory shews one the evils of life, as well as the charms of it ! How melancholy to remember that I am——oh ! dreadful and opprobrious name—a wife !

Sir Ste. B. I'll tell you what, you battering-ram, you she-jester——I am not one to be managed—and you shall know it——Woman, you shall know it ! I'll break that heart of thine—I'll—I'll——

He could not proceed for passion——he foamed at the mouth, and was in vain struggling for utterance. Lady Bruce, with a calm sneer, made this reply :

Lady B. So I suppose ; but it seems highly requisite to reason upon the possibility of the thing. Now, for the jest's sake, let us try who can succeed ; you
in

in breaking my heart, or I in breaking your's, though you are pretty well armed in both head and heart——à la bonne heure——I shall have the more sport! Do you, in this affair, use your utmost endeavours. Begin with me, and endeavour to perpetrate the murder of your second wife, as you did the first. Call in all the aids of every darling villainy; look around you for wretches to imitate, whose example may add to your own noble store of profligacy and baseness. Don't try to accelerate my death, but attempt to kill me by inches; let secret grief wear me out; and, without terminating my deplorable existence, make each day more dreadful than the former. For my own part, the diversion I shall receive from beholding you travel through the circuit

of crimes, which you are so used to, will entertain me, even more than the conviction, that the world will again know you in your true colours. By your additional depravity, *you* can make no new attainment, for you can never be more thoroughly abject and contemptible than you are. The charming, the inimitable qualities of your late wife, whom I should be proud to resemble, if *mine* was a disposition that could do honour to her example, are not unpublished. Your infamous treatment of her furnishes me with unlimited power, for the eyes of every one are upon *your* present behaviour. I am frank enough to tell you, that I will make every advantage of *your* situation and my own. I will sting that vile, that profligate heart! I will subdue a spirit
so

so untameable, that even *my* constancy would be ineffectual, but for the rich invention I possess; only let me intreat you will never sink into weariness—never despond: renew your struggles with the rage of a tyger, and the venom of a viper; and even when smarting under the lash from new provocations, do not put an end to my pastime by intreating to be reconciled—unless you intend to deceive me; that, indeed, may open a field for new amusement, and add to our common stock of dissention. Here now, you see, is an inexhaustible fund of employment, which will last us till I have the pleasure of seeing your late wife above, or of dismissing you to join some more of your friends below.

The consternation of auditors, at Lady Bruce's cutting severity, took from them all power of utterance. Sir Stephen was, for some time, wrapped in such wonder, and wounded so deeply, that he could only bite his nails, and gnash his teeth. None of them dared to interfere; Lady Bruce's invincible poignancy terrified them all; and, as no one spoke, after a short pause she resumed her speech.

Lady B. I am sorry I have not the pleasure of knowing the worthy young man, your son; but I am yet satisfied that I alone am now to contest with you. I would not, for worlds, have it supposed that I wanted any assistance to repel your absurd and contemptible efforts to oppress and injure me. Your power, as a husband,

band, you think great, nor would I have it less; I have too high a sense of my own importance, to employ my mind against an adversary weak in his *nominal* rights. You will have no one on your side, no one to pity you, but the imbecile part of my own sex, whose pusillanimity and jealousy always incline them to favour any but females. To such I leave you; cultivate their society, which is about the standard of your own capacity, and fly to them as to a refuge from the avenger of your late wife's injuries. When you have ceased to experience the patronage of your tutelary demon, and are admitted, in a future state, to his more intimate acquaintance, remember to acknowledge, in a proper way, your high sense of his un-failing attachment; and as it is not pro-

bable that I shall meet you there (for if I do, there will need no supplementary punishment to the mortification of your presence, let my vices be what they may) as I trust I can hardly deserve that, assure him, from me, that he need not give the world any further proof of his power, since the most incredulous sceptic must allow that he has exhibited, in Sir Stephen Bruce, a *paragon of profligacy*; one who is clear of all goodness, and who attracts universal *admiration* by diversity of vice; who does honour to *Pandæmonium*, his great Alma Mater; and, by the commission of every delinquency in private life, claims the indisputable name of Lucifer's Licentiate, which, had his enormities been publicly displayed, would be handed down to the latest posterity.

A view

A view of the company at the close of this speech could alone give any idea of their horror at the sarcasms it contained : the air with which Lady Bruce repeated it added a great energy to every period ; a playful malignity, and a majestic emphasis, alternately displayed her indignation, her spirit, and the detestation with which she beheld the man whom she addressed. The audience were most awkwardly situated ; no one ventured to interrupt the silence which succeeded the last Philippic ; but, in a few minutes, Lady Bruce, with the most elegant complacency, turned to Orford : “ Before you
 “ go, colonel, I must apologize to you for
 “ the disagreeable situation in which you
 “ have found me : I beg I may not longer
 “ detain you, if the visit (which it must
 F 3 “ do)

“do) grows tedious. If you will dine
 “with me, before you leave town, I shall
 “think myself obliged ; and, at Brighton,
 “I intreat you will often let me see you.
 “Pray present my compliments to your
 “friend, and say that I wish to be favoured
 “with his visits, to whom I am so highly
 “indebted: you may add, that I will
 “endeavour to prevent his reception from
 “being equally disagreeable.”

After a civil reply, Orford took his
 leave. Emily, to whom the disputes be-
 came very disagreeable, after wishing the
happy pair prudence and amity, gladly
 withdrew.

C H A P. XXXIII.

Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
 To fill the languid pulse with finer joy;
 Unknown those pow'rs that raise the soul to fame,
 Catch ev'ry nerve, and vibrate thro' the frame:
 In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
 Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.
 And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart
 Falls blunted from each indurated heart.

GOLDSMITH'S TRAVELLER.

THE distresses of a delicate mind,
 refined by tenderness, and influenced
 by enthusiastic attachment, are frequently
 regarded as the capricious surmises of ill-
 temper, or incurable fatuity. In the
 gay hours of light recreation, wit is ac-
 ceptable in every shape, and few but are

ready to direct its shaft at the weakness of others; especially if by such assistance, they can ensure themselves from ridicule. When the wine flushes in our cheeks, and the charm of social intercourse is improved by the allurements of magnificence, and the splendour of superior abilities, where is the man that will retire from such a scene to soothe the poignancy of plaintive sorrow? Sorrow, the relief of which will, probably, not do him so much honour in the world, as in a reference to his own bosom, and to the sacred ties of duty and benevolence.

Sir Edward Bryant was certainly not such a man. He would melt at a tale of common woe, and would have contributed very liberally to mitigate the pangs of the sufferer. Penury and disease, with their concomitant

concomitant train of miseries, were his frequent clients; but he had no idea of those softer sorrows which, sometimes amiable, and sometimes romantic, constitute the most charming, and the most interesting, if not the most exalted, of human characters: that fond partiality, which is founded in gratitude and honour, supported by zeal and fidelity, and embellished with vivacity and elegance, presents us a picture the most flattering to humanity; and the violation of such an attachment is the last and lowest effort of the selfish passions, blended with disgraceful caprice, and callous insensibility.

The frivolous resolutions of Sir Edward Bryant were not proof against the sollicitations of convivial pleasure; and he, again, very soon became so much immersed in
the

the joys of the table, that Emily found no defender against the artful attacks of parental malice. Lady Bryant's wish was principally to keep Emily from being known, *to throw her into the back ground of the family picture*, and place her at such a distance, that the lights and shades of her character might not be distinguished, with sufficient clearness, to confute whatever injurious hints her ladyship might skilfully distribute among her acquaintance.

She now determined upon pursuing a conduct totally different from what she had formerly exhibited. Instead of concealing Emily's attractions from the public eye, by harsh treatment and intolerable confinement, she counterfeited the highest species of cordial affection; she consulted

Emily's

Emily's taste in amusements, gratified her fondness for domestic avocations, and lavished every opportunity and means of promoting her private and solitary diversions, with a generosity *almost* maternal. In a few days after her return, an apartment was fitted up for Emily, adjoining to her chamber, in a style of elegance which charmed every one to whom it was shewn. Lady Bryant furnished it with an ample supply of books, implements for painting and drawing, a new musical instrument, and other donations, which testified a munificence of the most splendid kind. To this room Emily was often solicited to repair; and if ever she left it, to appear in society, her mother complained how unkindly she slighted her various gifts. Gratitude heightened the inclination

inclination which Miss Bryant had ever felt for her favourite pursuits, and she was soon almost insensibly drawn away from all company, and dedicated herself totally to the elegant prison prepared by Lady Bryant. Her acquaintance all wondered at her absence; inquiries were perpetually made for the object of their former admiration: but Lady Bryant was always prepared with an *efficient* reply; “ Emily
 “ will, I hope, in time become a prudent
 “ girl: she feels so much for her past
 “ conduct, and is so deeply struck with a
 “ sense of her follies, that I cannot, with
 “ all the skill and tenderness I exert, pre-
 “ vail upon her to *face* her friends. I
 “ have used every method I could imagine,
 “ to bring her into the world, to induce
 “ her to share in those pleasures and re-
 “ laxations,

“ laxations, without which no one can be
 “ properly acquainted with life: I have
 “ pointed out to her the necessity of mix-
 “ ing in society, under my protection;
 “ and indeed, I once went so far as to
 “ assure her, that in time, people might
 “ perhaps, forget her late misconduct,
 “ which you know would be the case, or
 “ at least, we may bring the remembrance
 “ of it to that state of oblivion, that, *in my*
 “ *presence*, no reflection upon her may go
 “ beyond a whisper; and this would be
 “ doing a vast deal: but it is astonishing
 “ how little she can bear the looks of her
 “ friends and acquaintance! No one can
 “ tell what I suffer from her grief, as well
 “ as from her indiscretion. All I want
 “ of her is to come into the world and
 “ shew herself; for as the affair is, I
 † “ must

“ must acknowledge, but too well known
 “ (though not in all it's circumstances,
 “ thank God !) her appearance would go
 “ a great way towards weakening the
 “ force of truth itself : I have exerted my
 “ utmost endeavours to prevail upon her,
 “ but I love her too well to use any
 “ compulsion.” With these insinuations,
 Lady Bryant undermined the character
 of her daughter, who, for a time, re-
 mained unsuspecting in the *desarts of lite-*
ration, enjoying the delights which gratify
 and embellish superior minds, enveloped
 in a variety of pleasures, without a com-
 panion, and refining her own sensibility
 without a friend.

The secure contentment with which
 she saw Bruce in her service, still con-
 stant, and still romantic, contributed also
 to

to lull her to repose. Emily's felicity had been ever drawn from the highest sources of intellectual taste; she had much sentiment, as well as much ingenuity, and every production of her various talents was tinged with that quality which is so frequently blended with true genius. Such a mind, generally preferring the advantages of tranquillity, becomes a ready prey to the artful schemes of low cunning, or the gloomy designs of rancorous envy. But it is well observed by Denham;

"When subtle wits have spun their thread too fine,
 "'Tis weak and fragile, like Arachne's line."

The anxiety of Lady Bryant for Emily's solitude, became much too obvious to pass upon her daughter; and some anecdotes which Emily received from Bruce, of her mother's speeches to a number of her

6

friends,

friends, disclosed what she had for some time suspected, but which her gratitude and good-nature would not permit her to hint.

A circumstance soon happened where Emily had the utmost occasion for all her prudence, and all her firmness. To Sir Edward, whose tenderness for her returned in occasional paroxysms, with all that violence and instability which sway the passions of a free liver, she gently mentioned the wiles by which her mother had precluded her from intercourse with the world. Sir Edward was offended justly at the narrow jealousies which returned to and infested the mind of Lady Bryant. Recollecting himself, however, for a few minutes, he gave Emily to understand, that too great an intimacy with convivial friends

friends must, above all dangerous steps, be particularly guarded against; that he had received too many proofs of her mother's fears, respecting Emily's superiority, to doubt the truth of her present assertion; but that still he was so terrified at the idea of a young woman's deviations from strict propriety, that he looked around him, upon this metropolis, with constant apprehension of the shallows and rocks to which the fair sex were exposed: nothing, in his opinion, was so pernicious as pleasure to young women, or so profitable to young men; it taught the latter every thing they ought to know, and acquainted the former with every thing of which it became them to be ignorant: his son should ever be the first in all scenes of gaiety, and in what the world might

perhaps term licentiousness; but, as his daughter, Emily should never be encouraged to partake of more than *nice* and *delicate* pastime, rendered dangerous neither by great frequency, or excessive delight.

Emily was surprised at the answer of Sir Edward Bryant. She had formerly heard him make some declarations which were, in tenour, like the present; but they were never delivered so earnestly, or with such an appearance of narrow sentiment. Her ignorance of the world was, in truth, the only reason for her wondering at Sir Edward; as, if she had been acquainted with the tenets displayed by people of his *persuasion*, she would have known that, among libertines, who associate with the truly abandoned, one of the

the distinguishing features, in their general character, is narrow prejudice with respect to women. They have passed so much of their time with those who are merely dissolute, who have neither the charm of delicacy, nor the principles of probity, that they habitually annex an idea of profligacy to the gaiety of females, and of virtue to their ignorance of the world. Men who, from a miserable defect of all other knowledge, have sought for acquaintance with mankind in dissipated assemblies, in the roar of revels, in feats of activity performed by great drinkers, and in the dangers to which their *valour* has subjected them, by intimacy with unfortunate women—such men consider the principles, or the resolutions, of the fair sex as contemptible as their own; they

tremble for the honour of a wife, or the safety of a daughter, if they partake the most common amusements which discretion would permit; their own depravity renders them in fear of every man whom they see in casual conversation with their fair relations; and the slightest civility to a sister, or a ward, is often repulsed by these their protectors, with petulant misapprehension and brutal insult; for they imagine that there can be no pleasure without unprincipled debauchery, and no gallantry without shameless licentiousness.

But the sagacity of these revellers, so often absurdly dignified by the epithet, *knowledge of the world**, is generally seen

a com-

* Few follies are more contemptible than the absurd exhibitions many people make of *knowing the world*. In the old it is constant suspicion; in the young it is perpetual

a compound of superficial observation and suspicious cunning: they have seen the diversity of vice, but are unable to trace the motives to action, or discriminate reality from appearance, in a survey of the human heart: their experience, which is of the worst kind, enables them to point out only what to shun; they have just learned to parry the trite artifices of acknowledged rogues, but are little able to

perpetual debauchery. Addison, in one of his best Papers (*Spectator*, No. 105) very skilfully laughs at the latter, in the character of Will Honeycombe. Others make knowledge of the world consist in barking at the present times, and painting every hour the miseries of *modern* existence. (V. *Gil Blas*, Liv. IV. chap. 7.)

Of these intolerable croakers, Voltaire speaks very humorously, in a letter to M. s'Gravesande: "C'est
"une etrange rage que celle de quelques Messieurs, qui
"veulent absolument que nous soyons misérables. Je
"n'aime point un Charlatan, qui veut me faire accroire
"que je suis malade, pour me vendre ses pillules."

defend themselves from refined and deep villainy, for their puny wisdom, overpowered by self-conceit, renders them an easy prey to the superior abilities of a profound and practised knave. But, after all, they are favourites with the public: dissipation is accounted the effect of warm passions, acting upon an easy disposition; and there are very few who have the discernment to distinguish light levity, or even transient pleasure, from gross intemperance, and dissolute sensuality. The spirit and vivacity of many debauchees attract the silly, and often alarm the discreet; for many individuals are alike awed by the stern arrogance of the pedant, and the desperate decrees of the profligate. *His knowledge of the world*, Sir Edward Bryant displayed in an *uncommon* way, the evening

evening after he made the *discreet* speech to Emily. He went, alone, to the Opera; and, after sitting for a few minutes in the Pit, he perceived a very beautiful woman, who was in earnest conversation with another lady. Her name I shall at present conceal. He approached nearer to contemplate her attractions; and the air of dignity which she wore, inspired him with a degree of respect, as well as admiration. At last he approached, and sat next to her. Sir Edward was an agreeable man, and had formerly been as much a man of intrigue as a votary to Bacchus. His marriage had rendered him, in the former respect, a little conscientious, and he had prudently avoided much intimacy with women. He was, however, always enraptured at the sight of a beauty, and

often fed his mind with the luxury of beholding fine women. The present lady excited all his wishes, and he soon addressed himself to her on the subject of the Opera. She replied with the greatest sweetness and delicacy, with a distance that awed, and a gracefulness that charmed him. He commended the piece. This gave her an opportunity, which she accepted rather than solicited, of descanting upon it's merit with judgment and modesty. The time passed so delightfully, that Sir Edward was astonished to find it near eleven o'clock. He attended them to the Coffee-room, and was there again gratified with her vivacity and skill in various conversation.

Their carriage was long before it drew up; Sir Edward intreated them to accept
of

of his; this was politely, but firmly declined. When their own was ready, he attended them to the carriage; he half solicited the honour of being permitted to convoy them home, but was soon discouraged by the grave reserve of his fair acquaintance. He was equally delighted with her propriety and her elegance; he obtained her name from the servants, and parted from her with the reluctance of a deserted lover. He called the next day at her house, but was not admitted to see her, which gave him a yet higher idea of her prudence. He could not bear the thought of not seeing her again; he persuaded himself that his admiration was not the effect of her beauty, so much as of her accomplishments and her discretion; he never beheld so valuable a woman: as an acquaint-

acquaintance, she would contribute wonderfully to the enjoyment, and certainly to the respectability, of his pleasures. Lady Bryant must like her; or, if she did not, why was Lady Bryant to be the arbiter of his choice among eligible friends? but it was impossible that a woman who had so forcibly praised, and so skilfully embellished, the virtues which she mentioned the preceding night, whose eloquence was that of nature, and whose voice was that of truth, should not be eagerly received by Lady Bryant. Her ladyship he still considered as not very partial to rival perfections; Emily was more generous, more able to judge, and more willing to acknowledge excellence in a female friend. The lady whom he had just seen was *all elegance*; and, by the appearance of her house,

house, must be a woman of fortune. She was young, and appeared to know the world; what a companion for Emily! Lady Bryant's insidious confinement began to grow very irksome to her daughter, and it would, surely, be an instance of parental tenderness in him to introduce some friend to her, who, being her equal in situation, might contribute to her happiness, by sharing her pleasures. Another man might be mistaken in the lady, but even to suppose the most *improbable* event, that he was, there could be no harm done, for when Emily was in her company, he should always be with her. Full of these delusions, all of them well worthy an experienced rake in his *noviciate of wisdom*, he went home, and ordered Emily the next day to prepare for an airing: in
 I their

their way, he told her, that he was going to introduce her to a lady who highly merited her respect and esteem; that she was a woman of fortune and character; and as he wished to rank her in the number of Emily's friends, that he desired she would pay her every kind of attention.

Emily, with the natural flexibility of an amiable disposition, expressed her earnest desire to shew her partiality to Sir Edward's friend. They arrived at the house, sent up their names, and were received by the lady, and her companion, whom Sir Edward had met at the Opera. Sir Edward presented Emily to the lady: "Give me leave, madam, to present to you my daughter, who will be happy to acknowledge, and to improve by the example of your virtues and your accomplishments."

“ments.” The lady coloured and trembled; her companion stared, and could hardly smother a smile at Sir Edward’s singular and ardent address. The former, however, returned his compliment with great politeness; and after they were all seated, she asked, with an abrupt *naïveté*, to what very fortunate circumstance she was indebted for the honour of this visit? Sir Edward reminded her of the obligation which he had contracted, by her very elegant conversation at the Opera; he was so infinitely charmed, as well as instructed, by her that evening, that he could not resist promoting the happiness of his daughter, by an introduction to so delightful an acquaintance; that, though he could not but sensibly feel himself interested in this visit, yet he hoped the lady would not ascribe it
entirely

entirely to motives of curiosity, or self-love. He professed to have heard so much of her high character, her various accomplishments, her station in the world, her exemplary disposition, and her convivial charms, that it was his highest ambition to introduce her to his family. The lady, with some reserve, civilly acknowledged his attention, but told him that he knew very little of her, and therefore he spoke from a romantic imagination, not from an approved judgment; that Miss Bryant's supremacy, in female excellence, must render it an honour to every one to be ranked in the circle of her friends; but that Sir Edward must know, with how little propriety any intercourse could take place between the two houses, without an invitation from Lady Bryant. For this suggestion,

suggestion, Sir Edward was not prepared ; he however assured her, that Lady Bryant had ever cheerfully received, and cordially entertained, all the friends he had introduced ; he therefore hoped that, when an invitation came from the three, the lady would forget the shortness of their acquaintance, and honour them with the pleasure of her company. The lady bowed. Sir Edward then animated the conversation by the lively sallies of which he was so much master. Emily contributed very highly to entertain them ; and the wit of the lady was brilliancy itself. They sat three hours, during this eccentric visit, and then took their leave, equally charmed with each other. On their arrival at home, Sir Edward and Emily related to Lady Bryant, where they had been : they bestowed

bestowed such high encomiums on the stranger, that her ladyship's curiosity was much excited; but she told them how strange she deemed the manner in which Sir Edward had, as she termed it, *smuggled* an acquaintance with her. Sir Edward was earnest to have it cemented still stronger; he took care not to praise her personal charms, but shrewdly left that to Emily, who, ever frank and generous, extolled them with all the ardour of a lover. A sudden thought glanced into Lady Bryant's mind; this beauty might, perhaps, make a powerful rival to Emily: the idea delighted her, and she confirmed Sir Edward's design of inviting her, without any further inquiries into the impropriety of such a step. Without delay, therefore, she took Emily, and the next morning called
upon

upon the lady, who received her with cordiality and politeness. Lady Bryant sought, in every acquaintance, for nothing but the merely agreeable qualities which are the effects of ease and a mild disposition: much, therefore, of the lady's brilliant vivacity she did not understand; and that part of it, which reached her, she hardly enjoyed: wit was quite an exotic to Lady Bryant's mind. The conversation was supported by Emily and the lady, but often interrupted by Lady Bryant, while her daughter was speaking, in order to quash the beauties of a sensible declaration, or to disappoint the intention of a lively remark. During Emily's speeches, her ladyship was seen biting her lips, and colouring with anguish, at the superior eloquence, the graceful manners, and the

irresistable attractions, which shone in her daughter. She remained *perdue*, till she could summon a speech which might *put down* Emily, and deprive her of the praise she might so justly claim by the lustre of her accomplishments and the solidity of her virtues.

When they took their leave, the stranger declined fixing a day to dine with her ladyship ; but promised to take the earliest opportunity of waiting on them, to return the visit with which she had been honoured.

With a dignity natural in those who think themselves inferior to the great, and yet disdain an unbecoming servility, she deferred calling on Lady Bryant for some time ; but, about a fortnight after the visit, she drove to Sir Edward's, who was then
out,

out, and being admitted, she found Miss Bryant with Lady Lucy Veer, who had been with her an hour, and had given her a full account of her new acquaintance. The lady had not been seated ten minutes before Bruce entered and announced Lord Warynton and Lord Spelman; the three, at their entrance, instantly recognized — Miss Meredyth!

The consternation was tolerably reciprocal: Lord Spelman looked with wonder at Miss Meredyth and at Miss Bryant. Bruce was fixed in astonishment, and could not move from the door at which he had announced their lordships. Lord Warynton's mouth was irretrievably open. Miss Meredyth betrayed violent agitations; a flush of red was succeeded by a pallid hue, and that sensibility which

neither her errors, her habits, nor her prosperity could destroy, brought the tears of anguish into those lovely eyes, which had so often misled the world as well as herself. She eagerly seized the first opportunity to withdraw, and extricate herself and Miss Bryant from the uneasy and awkward situation they were in: she arose, and hoping to have the honour of again seeing her soon, without at all noticing Lord Spelman, she requested Bruce to call her servants, and retired followed by Lord Warynton. The discovery was looked upon as an effusion of generosity in Lady Lucy Veer, and Miss Bryant was near embracing her in rapture. Bruce, who heard it all, worshipped Lady Veer as the divinity of friendship. When Miss Meredyth was departed, Lord Spelman,

with

with a look of anxiety and horror, asked the ladies, "What all this meant?" He then began to recover himself a little, and enquired, "If they were well informed of "the lady who had just left them?" Lady Lucy Veer, with a continuation of solicitous kindness, told him that her surprise, when she heard of Miss Bryant's new acquaintance, was not less than his lordship's: she then recounted the history of Sir Edward's folly, and told him that Lady Bryant knew nothing of Miss Meredyth's real character. She rallied Lord Spelman upon the former report of his attachment to Miss Meredyth, and Lady Bryant then made her appearance, soon after Miss Meredyth was gone: she was astonished at the account of her visitor, and expressed herself *half angry*

with Emily for letting her go in that abrupt way. She began contriving methods for promoting a union between Emily and Miss Meredyth, that Emily, being seen with her frequently, unaccompanied by Lady Bryant, her reputation might be skilfully and successfully tarnished: she enquired if the present company (Lady Lucy Veer and Lord Spelman) were very well informed of what they so readily asserted; people's characters were easily ruined; and Sir Edward, though he had formerly been a gay man, had never given her reason to think he had slighted her, since their marriage, by an attention to other women: she felt, she really felt, for the wrongs Miss Meredyth must suffer, if her principles were virtuous, and the reports now circulating were unfounded;

she

she had so high an idea of the duties due from a hostess to her guests, that she could not think of giving her up on the mere surmises of persons who hardly knew her; and, at the same time that she was infinitely alive to the claims of Sir Edward's friends, she deemed it unfair to asperse them in their absence. Nothing but the *clamorous* opposition of Lady Veer and Lord Spelman, would have deterred Lady Bryant from continuing Emily's intimacy with Miss Meredyth; but the accounts they gave of her were so authentic, and the proofs of her manner of life so unquestionable, that she was compelled to desist, and to sacrifice her own exquisite treachery to her own safety.

When Sir Edward returned, and was told the story, the laugh raised by his

credulity and folly was revived. Lord Spelman, at whom he had frequently sneered with all that pragmatistical affectation of superiority, so predominant in the *Charlatans*, who know nothing but——*the world*, gladly grasped such an opportunity of detecting the weakness which betrayed Sir Edward into so gross a mistake: but he who was so fond of rallying others, could ill bear ridicule himself; he had exhibited his folly in it's proper colours, and was stung with shame at the discovery. To add to the mortification, Lord Warynton returned soon after him; he was succeeded by Harwal and Evelyne; and the difficulties of restraining their mirth were hardly conquered by their politeness. Sir Edward grew warm, and retired; he felt the truth, that since, when
he

he is deceived, there is no dupe gulled so grossly as a pretended man of the world, no one is more generally or deservedly laughed at; he is deprived of what he most valued, and what he has obtained at a dear rate, a reputation for insight into artifice and depravity; and those who deny his fame,

“ Rob him of that which not enriches them,

“ And makes him poor indeed !”

The kindness of Lady Lucy Veer, who had revealed the character of Miss Meredyth, made a deep impression upon Emily: it was suddenly succeeded by daily exertions of such prodigal friendship, that Emily was at a loss to repay the obligations; her house, her friends, her amusements, were all hastily forsaken to attach herself to Miss Bryant; she watched every wish that the latter could

could form, to gratify it in some manner more engaging than other people. Lady Bryant's jealousy was perceived, and combated; Sir Edward's supercilious sneers were disapproved, and received coldly; Emily was set free from the cell to which she had been allured by insidious profusion, and confined by mean and suspicious envy. Their mutual partiality was every where observed, and proofs of it's increasing fervour were constantly displayed in various efforts to destroy their union. Such wretched designs proved constantly abortive; Emily and Lady Veer still remained an example of pure and disinterested regard.

The last proof of constancy and reliance was given by Miss Bryant. She consulted with Bruce upon the probable advantages

advantages which they might both derive from Lady Lucy's friendship: Bruce, all rapture at her kindness, recommended a communication of their important designs; and Emily divulged the secret with implicit confidence. Lady Lucy poured forth a fresh torrent of protestation: "No-
 " thing could add to the felicity of attach-
 " ment, but opportunities to prove it;
 " time was all she wanted to demonstrate
 " her affection for Emily: could she but
 " promote this great business, it should
 " be her first wish, and her principal
 " study; her secrecy was equal to her
 " cordiality, and that could not be ex-
 " celled: the little trifles which had
 " evinced her regard, and which Miss
 " Bryant was pleased so highly to estimate,
 " were as nothing in her own mind; she
 " wished

“wished for every opportunity, great and
 “small, to testify, and to justify, her
 “esteem for Emily; and never, never,
 “should that day come, which should
 “decrease her partiality, or cool her ar-
 “dour.” These fervid declarations were
 followed, during many days, by strenuous
 endeavours to assist her, and ingenious
 inventions to entertain her; she appeared
 to sympathise in every sorrow with the
 utmost delicacy of friendship, and to share
 every pleasure with the utmost liberality of
 contribution.

But it has been remarked by people
 who qualify themselves for such disco-
 veries, by professions of friendship, as well
 as of discernment, that friendship between
 women cannot subsist; that there is a
 petty jealousy, and a fickle disposition,
 which

which destroys a union, supported by the male sex with *cordial firmness and invariable dignity*. It is not within the province of this work to enter upon so tedious perhaps so unnecessary a discussion: the example of Lady Lucy Veer is but a single instance; hasty attachment and childish irresolution are of no sex.

It was a distinguishing trait in the character of this woman, to form intimacies with the utmost ardour, to lavish obligations with the most lofty profusion, and then suddenly to desert the object of her fondness, and to shrink from the society she had craftily sought, as soon as their hopes and fears were made dependant upon her pleasure. She had thus entangled and duped a variety of acquaintance: she
drew,

drew, from some few, tears of anguish at the unaccountable loss of her regard ; but to many more, and indeed these were the sensible part of her victims, she afforded ample scope for ridicule and contempt. There were some among them, merely amiable, to whom this *game of friendship* had been seriously pernicious ; for, relying on her precarious protestations, they had resigned all other companions to cultivate her society : enraptured with her generosity, charmed with her conversation, and dazzled with her rank, they had gradually relinquished the attention of their former companions, and dedicated the whole of their time to friendship and Lady Veer : when the *variable weather of her mind* produced those clouds and vapours which destroyed the union, they found themselves

I

destitute

destitute of society, incommoded by having adopted her resentments, and left by this frivolous and contemptible woman, to lament the folly of a cordial attachment*.

Her ladyship's perpetual approbation of Emily's conduct, in every action, had urged her to bestow great praise upon her encouragement of Bruce: she told her frequently, that no one could, like him, be worthy her regard; he was a lover

* A female writer, whose elegant compositions have been received with just and uncommon applause, has, among many other remarks, which shew an intimate knowledge of the human mind, furnished me with one very applicable to the present narrative: "Delicacy, like taste, can only partially be taught, and will always be superficial and erring where it is not innate. Those wrongs which, though too trifling to resent, are too humiliating to be borne, speech can convey no idea of: the soul must feel, or the understanding can never comprehend them."

who would have pursued her through every danger, whether elated by success, or depressed by disappointment; he knew, so well, how to make every situation subservient and advantageous to his passion, and how to pursue the intricate roads which lead to success in a private marriage.

Such knowledge, and such perseverance, might well constitute a lover worthy of Emily: Lady Veer was the rather induced to applaud her resolute adherence to Bruce's regard, as she herself, in the early part of her life, had run away with a man very much her inferior, of whom she grew tired in three months, and she in vain wished for death, very kindly to procure her a divorce.

In the midst of these good offices, when

Emily

Emily was cherishing the most sanguine expectations from that regard which might have deceived a much wiser and more experienced person; when her credulity was worked up to the most romantic pitch, which Bruce, in his idolatry for friendship, always promoted; she found Lady Veer's visits gradually decrease, and a studied coldness in her behaviour when they met, which surprised and shocked her. To two ladies, who called upon Lady Bryant one morning, Emily mentioned Lady Veer, as a woman possessing the noblest virtues, united with the most polished politeness. One of them strenuously denied the assertion: "She is a child, a
 " thing made up of empty whims and false
 " elegance; there is something alluring in
 " her deportment, and certainly a very
 VOL. IV. I " great

" great profusion in her mode of gaining
 " friendships, for it *almost* amounts to
 " her perfidy in breaking them." The
 other lady joined her friend : " The va-
 " nity and love of influence, which in-
 " duces Lady Veer to attach so many
 " people to her heart, are not proof
 " against that caprice which would dis-
 " grace a cradle : perpetual change is her
 " darling propensity, and all her new
 " acquaintance are loved merely because
 " they are new." Emily was irritated :
 she had written, the preceding day, to
 Lady Lucy Veer, to say she would dine
 with her, and she had, in idea, received a
 kind answer. Bruce then occurred to
 her : " Had he been here," she thought,
 " he would have justly pursued these un-
 " friendly women with every acrimony of
 + " vengeance.

“vengeance.—I am surprised, ladies,
 “to hear you thus describe a person, whom
 “every body values. Indeed it is not
 “womanly !” One of them smiled :
 “When you have known her truly for
 “three days, madam, you will justify our
 “opinion : we were, formerly, as credu-
 “lous as you ; but have been so often of-
 “fended by petty affronts from the baby
 “we condemn, that we think it no longer
 “worth while to risk our comfort, or our
 “temper, by an acquaintance with Lady
 “Veer : we were like the man in the
 “epigram ;

“We lov’d her, amiable and kind,
 “And pledg’d her an eternal vow ;
 “So alter’d are her face and mind,
 “’Twere perjury to love her now.”

A servant just then brought in a letter
 to Miss Bryant ; she opened it, and

found it was a message from Lady Lucy Veer; who, too mutable to persist in an opinion, and too indolent to recal it herself, had arrogantly ordered her female companion to write the following lines to Miss Bryant:

“ Madam,

“ LADY Lucy Veer’s compliments to
 “ Miss Bryant, requests that she will put
 “ off her visit till some other opportunity,
 “ as it is impossible for her to receive her
 “ to-day: had she been able, she would
 “ have told her why, but is at present too
 “ much engaged. I am, madam, with
 “ the most consummate obedience, and
 “ the most incredible sincerity,

“ Your faithful and careful, &c.

“ KATE BEARALL SMOOTHLY.”

Such

Such a letter, from the dependant of Lady Veer, froze the heart of poor Miss Bryant. She coloured with indignation and disappointment: "Indeed, ladies, I beg your pardon; I relied too much upon the tender and designing solicitude of Lady Lucy: here is a letter which confirms your character of her, and I can only apologize, in this imperfect manner, for my rudeness in contradicting you." The ladies laughed. One of them, who saw her chagrin, addressed her in reply: "Why should you be hurt at such treatment from a woman who is not worth your notice? All this is the effect, not of malignity, but of petty power, which, anxious to shew it's weight, exerts itself in frivolous falsehoods and capricious efforts: leave such

“ shadows of humanity out of the cata-
 “ logue of your friends ; and be not angry,
 “ if, because you are a little blind, you
 “ have, in the wide prospect of the world,
 “ mistaken a shade for a substance. This
 “ full-grown infant of five feet will again
 “ change, and again invite you : then
 “ possess and establish a sense of your own
 “ dignity ; and do not, because she may
 “ be at present more opulent, or more
 “ independent than yourself, do not suffer
 “ your conscious superiority to dwindle
 “ to her level.”

The ladies took their leave, and left
 Emily to the most keen and corroding
 reflections. All her reason and resolution
 could scarcely get the better of this stroke.
 She contemplated the attachment of Lady
 Veer, in all it's different stages, and
 found,

found, upon a retrospect, nothing but unequalled generosity and noble perseverance, which had existed invariably till within three weeks. Lady Veer had encouraged her to expect an ever-living regard, and had drawn from Emily a secret of the most important nature, by a fond and soothing behaviour; after which, she had now left her with base and unfeeling treachery.

In her conduct to Emily, Lady Veer had blended some additional motives with her exhibition of caprice. By the paltry desertion of a tender companion, whose fondness and gratitude were uncommonly fervid, she intended to make Emily feel her own dependance upon so kind a friend: that wretched lust of power, which in public life so often leads to the commission

of perfidy and barbarity, was in private life a leading trait in the character of this plausible woman; it was, perhaps, the only inclination to which she was constant, the only depravity in which she was uniform. Through all her specious shew of regard to her credulous friends, it was her custom to *lead them on with a fine-baited delay**, and then drop them suddenly, that they might regret the bounties which she no longer conferred, and lament the imaginary charms of her conversation.

From trivial causes, however, the greatest advantages are often derived. When Bruce heard of Lady Lucy Veer, he was half furious; he raved against the abuse of friendship in the highest terms, and even went so far as to declare he would

* Merry Wives of Windsor, Act II.

never

never be a friend again! Emily was pleased to hear such a renunciation of his little madness; she took this opportunity of pointing out to him the ill effects of his partiality to many people; how he had exposed himself by his enthusiasm, and provoked many sneers at what he deemed so sacred. Love, the most powerful of all the passions, now shewed itself in Bruce by an effect entirely new; it *rectified his judgment*. He acknowledged his errors very readily; and, by the skill of his mistress, he became for some minutes a violent declaimer against credulous friendship:

“ Thus pencils can, by one slight touch, restore

“ Smiles to that chang’d face that wept before;

“ With ease such fond chimæras we pursue,

“ As fancy frames for fancy to pursue*.”

* Dryden’s *Astræa Redux*.

Bruce

Bruce almost resolved to admit discretion to influence his attachments, and to forget the dreams which had hitherto haunted his distempered imagination : he took Emily's hand ; “ I will burn all my “ amicable reliques ” —— Your reliques ! ” “ —— Certainly ; I have got three boxes “ full ! I will destroy them all, the day you “ make me happy. What shall I say to “ induce you to hasten that time ? ” —— “ Bruce, I will be sincere with you : impatient as I am of controul, sensible as “ I am of your excellence, your passion, “ and your fidelity ; though I am grateful, even to doteage, for your efforts to “ gain and preserve my partiality ; yet “ something alarms that delicacy I wish “ to keep, as *your* wife, at the idea of “ *stealing a marriage*. Think not that I am “ less

“ less affected by *your* passion, or less
 “ ready to acknowledge my regard for
 “ you; you have proved your fondness by
 “ such an exertion, that the most love-
 “ sick girl, haunted by all the phantoms
 “ of romance, would have selected your
 “ ardour as the test, and your skill as the
 “ support of love: I am your’s, and never
 “ will—indeed I never can, bestow a heart
 “ otherwise, which I have already given
 “ to you. You cannot, therefore, doubt
 “ my love; you can as little doubt my
 “ resolution, for you have seen my con-
 “ stancy already displayed, I may say,
 “ like your own: I scruple not to tell
 “ you, that my partiality for Bruce arose
 “ from something nobler than love, and
 “ stronger than admiration; the qualities
 “ of your mind enriched the virtues of
 “ your

“ your heart, and a certain sympathy of
 “ soul won my confidence, and determined
 “ my choice. I have never been one of
 “ those silly votaries to inclination, who
 “ are sanguine in their expectations of
 “ happiness, hasty in their reliance, or
 “ capricious in their attachments ; yet I
 “ confess my sentiments without eager-
 “ ness, and without shame. If I shrink
 “ from the idea of being united to you by
 “ a *trick*, you ought to value me for my
 “ scruples, since they arise from a sense of
 “ *your* honour, as well as my own : while
 “ I continue to respect the one, I must
 “ preserve the other inviolable.”

There was a lustre and a purity in the
 objections of Miss Bryant, which excited
 Bruce's approbation more than it could
 have been raised by the easiest credulity,

or the most lavish endearment. The woman who could praise enthusiasm, and yet preserve propriety with such a nice sense of decorum, must shine even more as a wife than as a mistress. The same professions which repulsed his advances, increased his impatience to call her his ; and the assurances which she had given him of perpetual constancy, left him no room to doubt her being sincere. Of jealousy, indeed, Bruce had not the least particle in his composition ; his nature was, of all propensities, the least inclining to suspicion ; he knew too well the selfishness of that passion ; and even, if so inclined, would soon have discovered the truth of Rochefaucauld's assertion, " Il y a dans la jalousie plus d'amour propre que d'amour."

He

He did not fail, however, to lay much stress upon the claim he had to her implicit reliance on his honour, and, in some respects, to her acquiescence with his wishes; he had forgotten his station in life, he had neglected his family and friends, he had submitted to the performance of servile offices, and to all the inconveniences, disrespect, and tyranny, incident to the situation of a servant. These ought to be considered, and could only be recompensed by a temerity in Emily, somewhat similar, if not equally excessive. He added many more motives, some specious and some solid; all which Emily heard with patience, and at last, with the requisition of more time to consider, admitted with readiness.

The ensuing morning was the anniversary

fary of Miss Bryant's birth: she may be supposed, by a poet, to look better on that day than on any other; but it was sufficient for her lover that she looked as well. Sir Edward gave a splendid entertainment, which Lady Bryant would gladly have omitted; and Emily shone the heroine of the day. In the evening there was a ball.

Among the servants, there was a very hospitable and plenteous scene of festivity; many of their friends were permitted to share the regale, and the house was one entire scene of revel and jollity. Bruce, to whom this day was the most sacred feast noted in the register of love, was in rapture the whole time. He managed to preside at the circulation of the glass among his companions; he gave sentiments, solicited toasts from the rest, and
strained

strained every faculty to promote mirth and indulgence. An alarming accident, however, discomposed this social conviviality: late in the night, or rather early in the morning, the servants were all a little elevated; and Bruce, not less so than the rest, was contradicted in some assertion, respecting Emily's beauty and fame, by another servant. Words arose, and the lie was given to Bruce, whose natural spirit and dignity revolted at such treatment from his inferior; he was going to collar him, when the servant, who was a sturdy fellow, snatched up a chair, and felled Bruce to the ground, where he lay senseless; and as a sharp corner of it had perforated his skull, the blood streamed from it in abundance. The company were not to be disturbed by this fray, and therefore

therefore Bruce was carried to bed without the event being at all made known. The man who assaulted him was secured, and a surgeon was sent for who administered proper remedies, and gave some hopes that a recovery might take place, though, perhaps, not so speedy as could be wished.

When the assembly broke up, the affair was mentioned to Lady Bryant and Sir Edward; the former of whom expressed, and really felt, for very obvious reasons, much fear of Bruce's danger. Emily was not in the room when it was related; so that Lady Bryant, to prevent her revealing her own situation by involuntary exclamations of surprise and anguish, went and imparted it to her as gently as she could. Her terrors were excessive; Lady Bryant

expected her to faint every moment, and it was with the utmost difficulty she could prevail on her to retire to bed. Emily had no rest; the consciousness of having drawn Bruce into this lamentable state by her own *unreasonable* desire to see proofs of his affection, which should amount to more than mere protestation, stung her with the most poignant remorse: she had every reason, from what she heard in the house, to suppose he was in great danger; and, if that was the case, how should she act? Would it be right to send to his friends? Certainly not, without his permission. If she did not, he might die without proper assistance, for his station would perhaps cool the ardour, and lessen the diligence, of his medical attendants.

The thought of his dying in this state,
without

without the utmost care, and without the best advice that could be procured, shocked her to so violent a degree, that, when she went to bed, she was in a high fever. Had her friends known the whole of her ideas, they might perhaps have thought her a little distracted. How could she see Bruce? was the first contemplation of her mind: it was impossible to see him in the day time, without such a visit being but too particular, and it would be noticed by the whole family. Would it——she asked herself many times——would it be *very* rash and unbecoming to dress herself, and go to him just to enquire how he did? It was impossible! Security, propriety, every proper sentiment, forbade it: but yet, as no one might discover the action, and as she herself knew the motive to arise from

the purest gratitude, and the most laudable humanity, it could not be so criminal. She recollected again; she thought of Bruce's wounds, his danger, his reflections on her for not receiving his first professions of regard with more tenderness, and more reliance upon them; his grief at not being able to see her in this dreadful state; all these considerations struck very forcibly upon her mind, and almost convinced her that she might, without danger, visit him alone at that late hour. She rose, trembling and impatient; she was half dressed by the light which burnt in her chamber, when her terror and distress overcame her, and she fell lifeless upon the bed. When she recovered, the wretched situation of Bruce burst upon her mind with all its horrors; but she

could

could not prosecute her first intention of going to him: a high sense of delicacy and shame terrified her from pursuing it, and she returned to bed in the utmost distress and misery.

In a few days, however, she had the infinite satisfaction of hearing that Bruce was better. Lady Bryant soothed her sufferings with the utmost tenderness, and ordered such excessive care to be taken of Bruce, that her ladyship was extolled in the house as a pattern of generosity. As soon as he could with propriety be seen, Lady Bryant took Emily, and they paid him a visit: her ladyship, without hinting at her knowledge of their attachment, behaved with great kindness, assuring Bruce of every assistance he could possibly need. In three weeks he was quite recovered;

and at their first interview, Emily, as a recompence for his sufferings, allowed him to fix the Thursday following for the completion of his utmost wishes.

A visit from Sir Stately Perfect afforded Emily some entertainment. He gave her an account of the manner in which Sir Stephen and Lady Bruce continued to live. She learned that the former was sunk, from the character of a daring profligate, to the situation of a meek, *sneaking* husband, who never dared to contradict Lady Bruce, and was the victim of her despotic sway. Emily censured the disproportion of their ages in that marriage; but Sir Stately defended the prudence of the match, with the most solemn inanity of argument. He then took an opportunity to talk over *his own* merits, *his*
own

own acquaintance, and *his own* affairs, in the usual strain of self-conceit. Emily would have left them, but knew it would displease Sir Edward.

During Sir Stately's visit, Mr. Temple called; who always shewed how much he despised him, by the most keen exertions of sarcastic raillery. When he entered, Sir Edward was soliciting Sir Stately to get a few friends admitted to a society of some people, who had agreed weekly to meet and admire one another, and had called it the UNANIMOUS CLUB. In praise of this club, Sir Stately was decanting, when Temple entered.

Sir S. Our club, Sir, where I am always in the chair, is envied by all the societies, moral and literary: we assemble

in the most perfect harmony, and scarcely ever admit casual visitors.

Temple. Very prudent; so that nobody can expose you but yourselves.

Sir Edw. But do you, on no account, admit additional members?

Sir S. Hardly ever: last week, indeed, we received Sir Paul Porphyry, the great statuary.

Sir Edw. Why was he particularly excepted?

Sir S. Because he made us a present of my bust. He promises, in time, to finish the heads of all the members, that they may be handed down to posterity.

Temple. In *propria persona*. Yes, he has agreed to furnish the club with immortality ready made.

Sir

Sir Edw. Sir Paul never speaks, I think.

Temple. No, he has long been one of the UNANIMOUS CLUB.

Sir S. Sir Edward, let me assure you, that his busts, statues, figures, and figments, have constituted him a member of that august body.

Temple. And he is the member who, most of all members, truly and faithfully represents his constituents.

Sir Edw. My friend, Lord Warynton, wishes to prevail on you to introduce young Evelyne.

Sir S. Why, no, not young Evelyne—we won't have him, if you please; I have my reasons—he never talks; I don't like him.

Sir Edw. He will do you credit; he
is

is well read, knows the world, is not presuming, and is a good scholar.

Sir S. "A good scholar!" Dear Sir Edward, what signifies a good scholar; they never know any thing worth knowing—No, no, I am very partial to young Mr. Evelyne, very partial indeed; and I love him too well to bring him into any society I frequent.

Sir Edw. I am sorry you object to him; Evelyne wishes for *your* acquaintance, and wants to be introduced to this club.

Sir S. I am sure he wants to know me more intimately—I am sure he does: he respects me—he esteems me. I have been very kind to him—I have given him many a bow, which he knows how to value: and, as I wish to oblige Lord Warynton,

I'll

I'll tell you—Evelyne shall pass the day at my house to-morrow; I'll send for him, he shall dine with me. I shall have a brace of baronets, and some of the learned; there will be Professor Tadpole, and Dr. Crayfish: they will talk all day, and have long dissertations, which every one will not understand; so that Evelyne, doubtless, will go away proud of the honour I have done him.

Temple. Not he indeed; for I have often told him, that the day Sir Edward dined with you, he found no salt but what was in the soup: the attic was banished, lest there should be too much wit; and the English, lest there should be too much wine.

Sir Edw. Pho! Sir Stately, never mind Temple; you know him — Pray, tell me, does your society ever publish?

Temple.

Temple. Good Lord ! that you should imagine their society ever publish any thing but secrets ! No, Sir Edward, you by no means seem to comprehend the nature of that institution. It is a society where they meet to worship themselves in each other, as the Egyptians adored apes and crocodiles. In the course of the evening, each member clubs a mistake : they immerse every new-born notion in goblets of wine ; and, nick-naming their half-formed conceptions by the appellation of wit, they thus *exhibit* the private baptism of infant pleasantry.

Sir S. Give me leave, Mr. Temple, to speak : there are people who do really find weight in my words.

Temple. True, Sir Stately ; you have closed many a weary eye !

Sir

Sir S. Sir Edward, I beg leave to observe to you, that we never write any thing but of importance; we never, for instance, compose rhymes.

Temple. No; any body who knows Sir Stately, will never suspect that he should give such a mortal stab to his character, as to perpetrate poetry.

Sir S. Mr. Temple, I don't hear you—I say, Sir, I did not hear that last impertinent speech—No, Sir, I did not hear it—I despised it properly.—Sir Edward, I address myself to you. We, Sir, the members of the UNANIMOUS CLUB (so called because we never differ in opinion) we, Sir, have skimmed the cream of every science.

Temple. And feed each other with *whipt wisdom*; a diet perfectly suited
to

to the weak digestion of every member.

Sir S. Sir Edward, I don't hear him; and therefore I only despise him. I hope you have a higher respect for our society; in which, believe me, there are two members who have some *little* claim to respect: there is *I*, for instance; and the immortal Mr. Pall, who praises every body, and pronounces panegyrics on all the members. We are looked upon as the two eyes of the society,

Sir Edw. He is *sworn appraiser* to the club.

Temple. Yes, I heard you both mentioned the other day, with particular applause, by a friend of mine; he said one was a *fool de jure*, and the other a *fool de facto*.

The laugh occasioned by this speech shocked Sir Stately so much, that he *made his nod* to the company, and retired.

When I present to the reader these sketches of character, and attempt to develop for their amusement (I dare not say their instruction) the perplexed caprices and unexposed follies of mankind, I sincerely hope I shall not be deemed a petulant accuser, or a surly satirist. The studious indication of errors and faults certainly betrays a rancorous disposition; and one of the greatest historians of any age has, in his immortal work, expressly said—"The complaints of contemporary writers, who deplore the increase of luxury and *depravation of manners*, are commonly expressive of their peculiar
"temper

“temper and situation*.” My sincere wish is, never to be able to apply those very forcible lines of Boileau (Sat. IX. à son Esprit) to the readers of my present production :

“Rien n’appaise un lecteur, toujours tremblant

“d’effroi,

“De voir peindre en autrui ce qu’il remarque

“en soi.”

The evening was passed, by Emily and her mother, in preparations for the ensuing day, which was appointed for her private marriage. She was delighted to perceive, that, since Lady’s Veer’s perfidy, Bruce had grown more moderate in his sentiments of *amicable intercourse*, and that it was not probable he would expose himself again. The romantic wanderings

* Gibbon’s History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. Chap. XXVII.

of his mind had, indeed, generally been caused by some congenial discourse or event which forcibly struck him. Friendship, alone, was the subject on which he testified extravagant ideas ; and as the believer, mentioned by Montesquieu *, was orthodox or sceptic, according to the state of his health, so Bruce was rational or absurd, as his companions excited his good sense or enthusiasm.

* Je crois l'immortalité de l'ame par semestre ; mes opinions dépendent absolument de la constitution de mon corps : selon que j'ai plus, ou moins, d'esprits animaux, que mon estomac digere bien ou mal, que l'air que je respire est subtil ou grossier, que les viandes dont je me nourris sont légères, ou solides, je suis Spinosiste, Socinien, Catholique, Impie, ou Devot.

V. MONTESQUIEU *Lettres Persanes*, LXXV.

C H A P. XXXIV.

Souvent c'est moins bon goût que pure vanité,
 Qui fait qu'on ne veut voir que des *gens de mérite*;
 On croiroit faire tort à sa capacité
 Si du monde vulgaire on recevoit visite.
 Cependant, un esprit solide, éclairé, droit,
 Du commerce des fots fait faire un bon usage;
 Il les examine, il les voit,
 Comme on fait un mauvais ouvrage.
 Des défauts qu'il y trouve il cherche à profiter:
 Il n'est guère moins nécessaire
 De voir ce qu'il faut éviter,
 Que de savoir ce qu'il faut faire.

MADAME DESHOULIERES.

EMILY received a letter from Lady
 Hyndley, who had lately married a
 Mr. Cleveland, mentioning that she would,
 before she left town, do herself the plea-
 sure to take leave of Lady Bryant's fa-
 mily.

mily. Upon enquiry of Sir Edward, who had heard of Mr. Cleveland, he was described as a man of large fortune, and great good sense.

At breakfast the next morning, the servant announced a Mr. Cleveland, who sent up word that he waited upon Sir Edward Bryant, agreeable to his desire. Lady Hyndley occurred to every body's mind, and the gentleman was introduced. A very genteel man, of about forty, made his appearance, and was cordially received. Inquiries were made after Lady Hyndley, to which he replied, that she was perfectly well, and he brought a message from her, that she intended taking an opportunity, that morning, to call on Lady Bryant. Sir Edward, Lady Bryant, Emily, and Mr. Bryant, were present. The conver-

fation then became general ; and, as their new acquaintance revealed his character, they found him to be a man who possessed uncommon talents, profound and extensive learning, infinite wit, and elegant manners.

He sat above an hour, and seemed frequently going to address Sir Edward very earnestly : the latter always interrupted him by some new hint, which furnished the stranger with an opportunity to display, or rather *incited* him to produce, additional proofs of his superior sense. Every one was pleased with Lady Hyndley's choice of an husband ; and Emily gratified her own generous disposition with the agreeable idea, that such a companion must induce Lady Hyndley to be virtuous and prudent.

Sir

Sir Edward was charmed by the conversation; and, with his usual vehemence, assured him how happy he was in the acquisition of his acquaintance, and that he should ever consider himself as indebted to Lady Hyndley for this introduction to a man, who would do honour to every circle in which he appeared. Mr. Cleveland stared with apparent surprise; but, recollecting himself, he returned his compliment with great propriety. In all he said there was a dignity which prevented undue freedom, while he shewed the most respectful attention to every one present.

In a short time, a servant announced Lady Hyndley. She entered, accompanied by young Forrester, the orphan of Sir Harry. Mr. Cleveland got up, and made her a profound obeisance. She returned

it with great politeness; and, after addressing the rest of the company—"Ah! my good friend," said she to him, "you are very good to be so punctual; you said you intended seeing Sir Edward this morning.—I beg, Sir Edward, I may have the pleasure of mentioning to you the infinite merits of my good friend, Mr. Cleveland"—Sir Edward interrupted her: "I am charmed, madam, in the choice you have made of Mr. Cleveland; and I sincerely hope I shall have the happiness of including him in the number of *my* friends." "Indeed, Sir, you well may," replied Lady Hyndley, "for *my* Mr. Cleveland has a very great partiality for him."—"Your Mr. Cleveland!"—"Yes, Sir, the Mr. Cleveland who has shared my affections,

“fections, and whom I am pleased to call
 “my husband.”——“Madam! what, is
 “not this”——“Preserve me, Sir Ed-
 “ward! Ha! ha! *this* my husband! No,
 “Sir, this is Mr. Cleveland, who calls
 “on you by Sir Stately Perfect’s recom-
 “mendation.”

The ludicrous misapprehension was now
 cleared up. Mr. Cleveland, then present,
 was found to be not a man of fashion,
 not the husband of Lady Hyndley, but a
 considerable *tradesman*, in a capital busi-
 ness, appointed by Sir Stately Perfect to
 call there, at the particular request of Sir
 Edward Bryant, who then recollected the
 circumstance.

Lady Bryant’s arrogance shrunk at the
 contemplation of her past civility to the

man in business. She was shocked at her own want of discernment, that did not discover, in Cleveland, the absence of that “*indescribable something*——I cannot tell “how to call it—a—you know what I “mean—that *superior supremacy*—which “always distinguishes the *higher ranks*.” She was irritated at the idea of such presumption, such insolence, as she found exhibited in a *plebeian*, encroaching upon perfection, and applying to his own use an enlarged mind, and an elegant deportment, which she regarded as the peculiar property of his superiors.

The difference of her behaviour to Cleveland, when she discovered his station in life, was contemptibly obvious: she had so little skill in dignity, so little œconomy

mony of pride, that Sir Edward felt himself disgraced by her ignorance of the world, and of herself.

His wonted impetuosity was immediately excited; he turned to Cleveland, took him by the hand: "Sir, I thought nothing
" could add to the opinion I entertained
" of you; but this discovery places you
" higher in my esteem than ever. I shall
" invariably wish for you as my compa-
" nion, and esteem you as my friend."

Cleveland returned proper thanks; and having settled the business with Sir Edward, about which he called, retired, steadily declining to accept many invitations from the latter to make one at his table. He saw, though he was much above *feeling*, the disdain of Lady Bryant; and he knew his own intrinsic value too well,

well, to take an advantage of Sir Edward's cordiality.

Bruce had cautiously left the house during Lady Hyndley's visit. Upon his return, he found an opportunity to enquire of Emily her present situation.

Her marriage with Mr. Cleveland had rendered her more domestic, and probably more virtuous. She enquired after Bruce, still supposing that Emily might occasionally hear from him. "He had never," she said, "returned to Oxford; his father knew nothing of him, and it was unaccountably strange where he could hide himself: it was, however," she added, "a report very current, that he was gone abroad."

Of young Forrester, Sir Harry's unhappy child, Mr. Cleveland was very fond;

fond; she herself was still very partial to him. She could not fix upon any line for him in life, but thought *either army or church* would do very well: "Into a *line* he must go."

Lady Hyndley added, that she should leave town the next day; but, upon her return, hoped to have the pleasure of introducing Mr. Cleveland to that family.

Such was Miss Bryant's account of the visit. Bruce was happy to hear that her ladyship's affections were settled, in a *proper* way, upon a deserving object.

In the evening Sir Edward had a visit from Colonel Orford, who communicated the history of an event utterly incredible. He, the day before, met Evelyne, who had just received a very extraordinary letter from Miss Meredyth. This gay,
this

this beautiful, this voluptuous woman, had been afflicted by a very severe fever, the consequence of her continued and vicious levity. The violence of her indisposition, though it was not of long duration, penetrated her soul with terror and remorse for her past offences. Upon her recovery, she renounced her former depravity, and in this letter to Evelyne gave him up for ever.

“ YOU will wonder at the step I have
 “ lately taken ; and, if you still vainly in-
 “ dulse your unwarrantable attachment,
 “ you will think me cruel to myself, and
 “ unjust to you. Be it so: the world
 “ and you shall be convinced, that indulg-
 “ ence in the most licentious criminality,
 “ may yet be succeeded by the sincerest
 “ penitence. The faint, the scanty sense
 “ of

“ of virtue, which has hitherto occupied
 “ my soul, which was lulled, though not
 “ extinguished, by luxury and love, has
 “ been awakened in the season of sickness
 “ and sorrow. It has taught me to exa-
 “ mine my own heart, and to survey my
 “ past life. My brain was for a time
 “ maddened with the retrospect of vicious
 “ sensuality. You have told me that
 “ heaven has bestowed on this wretched
 “ being, sense and beauty. Why, why
 “ did I contaminate these gifts by false en-
 “ joyment, and glittering intemperance?
 “ Why, if my mind was superior, were
 “ not my actions nobler than many others
 “ of my sex? Aided by fortune, improved
 “ by education, virtue might have beamed
 “ upon me with her gentlest light, neither
 “ producing severe trials, nor destitute of
 “ transient

“transient requital. My situation in
 “the world might have enforced every
 “moral perfection, with the utmost power
 “of example, and have adorned it by the
 “attractive recommendations of elegance
 “and refinement. But let me not think,
 “for a moment, upon the opportunities I
 “have lost. For the remainder of my
 “life, I will assume that rectitude from
 “which I have so long deviated, and
 “dedicate my future days to the duties of
 “religion, and the employments of peni-
 “tential meditation. Go, excellent young
 “man, whose heart yet glows with virtue,
 “whose mind is softened and humanized
 “by every amiable quality ; go, and for-
 “get that there ever existed such a cha-
 “racter as Matilda Meredyth ! Let *my*
 “present anguish of mind preserve you
 “in

“ in a proper sense of your duty, and
 “ teach you to extinguish your only
 “ foible, a love of sensual pleasure. Above
 “ all, quit me for ever ! A few days will
 “ terminate my residence here ; and where
 “ I am destined, I forbid you to enquire.
 “ Do not giddily censure my present de-
 “ spondence. As for praise, it is the last
 “ acquisition I can desire or deserve.—
 “ Humble contrition for my past delin-
 “ quency is now the sincerest wish, and
 “ the highest ambition, of

“ MATILDA MEREDYTH.”

The perusal of the letter surprised Sir
 Edward, whose light mind gave no credit
 to Miss Meredyth's sincerity. It was
 shewn to Lady Bryant and to Emily. The
 latter made that reflection upon the event
 which

which must occur to every judicious observer, and to every good mind—That no graces, however attractive; no fortune, however ample; no mind, however elegant; can attain peace, dignity, or happiness, unless the superstructure of eminence is founded on the basis of virtue. The airy column, wrought with all the splendour, and finished with all the delicacy of art, will quickly vanish, even without being ravaged by time, or injured by neglect; it will totter at the breath of censure, it will perish under the influence of truth.

CHAP.

C H A P. XXXV.

Her virtue, and the conscience of her worth,
 That would be woo'd, and not unfought be won,
 Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retir'd;
 The more desirable, or to say all
 Nature herself, though pure of sinful thought,
 Wrought in her so, that seeing me she turn'd;

.
 And with obsequious majesty approv'd
 My pleaded reason.

MILTON'S PAR. LOST, Book VIII.

THE nuptial morn arrived: Emily
 was assisted by her mother to pro-
 mote this clandestine union; Colonel
 Orford waited at his own house for the
 happy pair; and Emily was attended to
 the carriage by Mrs. Sydney, who con-
 gratulated herself upon having *artfully*

VOL. IV.

M

concealed

concealed from Lady Bryant the whole plan, and only solicited the honour of Miss Bryant's company for two or three hours. Bruce, having laid aside his disguise, dressed at the colonel's. These four went privately to church, where they were married, and Colonel Orford bestowed the hand of Emily upon her faithful Bruce.

CHAP.

C H A P. XXXVI.

Nous sommes du bonheur de nous mesmes artisans,
 Et fabriquons nos jours, ou fascheux, ou plaifans :
 La fortune est a nous, et n'est mauvaife, ou bonne,
 Que selon qu'on la forme, ou bien qu'on se la donne.

REGNIER, Sat. XIV.

THE private nuptials of Emily and Bruce, completed the felicity of the Amicable Quixote, secured his charming mistress from the tyranny of an envious parent, and glutted Lady Bryant with horrid joy, on the idea of having united her elegant daughter with an indigent domestic, and thus effectually precipitating a powerful and amiable rival from the sphere in which she might have shone with so much admiration.

M 2

In

In the portrait of Lady Bryant, if I speak with energy, I speak with the indignation of a writer whose happiness has long flowed from the strenuous exertion, and the tenderest requital, of maternal affection.

Bruce, who abhorring the detestable motives, was yet obliged to approve the tenour of her actions, received all her civility with grateful respect*. She now began to plot some plan, by the success of which the marriage might be divulged, and Emily sufficiently disgraced, without exposing the share which she had in promoting the union. The ensuing day she therefore conferred with Emily, and

* Nous sommes obligés de nous livrer à beaucoup d'illusions pour pouvoir vivre avec des gens, qui, le venin dans l'ame, nous comblent d'amitié." *Pirronisme du Sage*. — *Reflex*. 108.

shewed her the utter impossibility of such an affair long remaining a secret: " You must be convinced, as well as I, of the disgraceful appearance you will make, if your present husband should be blessed with a son and heir."—" Dear madam, why so sarcastic? Consider, he may have an heir to his virtues, if he has not a fortune to devolve."—" Bless me! I meant no harm. Dear me! I dare say he is in every thing supreme, and a person of credit; for you know he is a liveryman of London!"—" It is not his coat, madam"—" Has he one of his own, my dear?"—" Again, madam! Surely you mean to punish me for what I have done?"—" No, Emily, I leave that to your husband in livery. Nay, don't be cast down; he

“ is a handsome fellow, and I mean not
 “ to have the affair known yet ; and
 “ when I do, don’t be uneasy, for he shall
 “ not be discharged, I mean turned off,
 “ at a minute’s warning ; for you know I
 “ shall be then distressed for another foot-
 “ man.”——“ Cruel parent ! why call
 “ forth every degrading epithet to mortify
 “ my pride ? Did not you extend your own
 “ sanction ?”——“ *Mine !* I extend *my*
 “ *sanction* to your marriage with a ser-
 “ vant, a low fellow ! a slave that moves
 “ at the nod of his superiors ; a creature
 “ without education, blood, breeding, or
 “ fortune ; a bearer of flambeaux, a wai-
 “ ter at tables, who, like a tavern drawer,
 “ makes his bow for”——“ Hold, hold,
 “ madam ; for one moment, spare your op-
 “ probrious accusations ! He has, indeed,
 “ bowed

" bowed to that insolence which had no
 " claim to his servility ; he has mortified
 " his noble, generous spirit, to prove his
 " love and his fortitude. Was he here, he
 " might tell you, madam, that no situa-
 " tion can be more abject than that of a
 " malignant disposition, when it stoops to
 " villify the inferior it ought to protect."

Emily's tears succeeded her anger, and
 she was going to quit the room, when her
 attention was drawn by a noise in a little
 closet, out of which burst Lady Waryn-
 ton, who had been placed there by Lady
 Bryant, to overhear the conversation. The
 terrors of Emily almost overcame her ; and
 the greedy malice of the ladies, contrasted
 to her beautiful distress, would have pre-
 sented a strong picture to a critical eye.
 Lady Warynton, after some time indulg-

ing the delight of an inquisitor, proceeded to harangue : “ So then, all’s over, Miss
 “ ——— ; I should say, Mrs. what’s
 “ your name ? Is it Mrs. O’Neal, or
 “ O’Dermot ? or what is it, for I suppose
 “ the fellow’s Irish—Or is it some pretty
 “ English appellation ? Perchance, Mrs.
 “ Clack, or Mrs. Black, or such elegant
 “ distinctions. You thought, I’ll engage,
 “ that I was to be out of the secret ! Yes,
 “ yes, you hate me ; I know it, I know
 “ you do : but I’ll see what you dare say
 “ to me now—I will, Mrs. Footman !—
 “ You shall teach me to behave to you,
 “ to be sure you shall ! You ought to
 “ know me for one that would have been
 “ your friend, for one that would have
 “ matched you properly. Well, you’ll find
 “ the difference, when, instead of going
 “ in

“ in the coach, you must go behind it,
 “ or upon the box.” Emily stood some
 time fixed in wonder ; but a proper sense
 of such scurrility, from so noxious an
 animal as Lady Warynton, brought her
 to herself, and she left the room with
 these words : “ Could I form the most
 “ distant idea of a wretch more contemp-
 “ tible than Lady Warynton, it would be
 “ of that idiot who disgraced her own
 “ vices (be they ever so condemnable) by
 “ vouchsafing a reply to such foul invec-
 “ tives. To say that Lady Warynton
 “ forgets her own character, and her own
 “ sex ; that she spurns all ties of honour,
 “ truth, and delicacy ; that she has mis-
 “ led the judgment, and destroyed the af-
 “ fections of a parent, to gratify officious
 “ impertinence, and dark designing acri-
 “ mony ;

“mony; to say this, is to say little to-
 “wards the full illustration of *her* cha-
 “racter.—I now address myself to a
 “mother, who ought to think of Lady
 “Warynton with the rest of the world;
 “and know that, to discerning minds, the
 “venom of her sentiments is rendered
 “merely detestable by the gross vulgarity
 “of her language. The public will sup-
 “port me in this assertion, and readily al-
 “low, that, in the train of Lady Waryn-
 “ton’s actions, there are proofs of depra-
 “vity, which would reduce villainy to
 “shuffe, when it could not be made to
 “blush.”

Emily then retired with the most stately
 air; she had delivered her speech with
 triumphant dignity, and had left Lady
 Warynton convulsed with passion; but,
 in

in Emily's own apartment, the keenness of grief burst in a tide of tears, and she remained for an hour in a state of speechless sorrow. The ladies, in the mean time, were busy in the formation of a scheme to promulgate the marriage. It was at length determined to execute it by Lady Warynton, who might pretend to have received private information of the event. An entertainment had been for some time appointed for that evening, at Sir Edward Bryant's, which afforded a proper opportunity for the exertions of Lady Warynton. Lady Bryant's surprise, indignation, and shame, were all properly arranged, and every thing was ready for the discovery, when the company arrived. A number were collected before either her ladyship or Lady Warynton appeared.

The

The latter at last entered into a well-concerted agitation, which she *diligently* improved into the most violent struggles for utterance. At length two or three of her acquaintance took notice of her *sufferings*, and enquired what was the matter. To a pair of these intimates, she, in an audible whisper, divulged the fatal tidings that Lady Bryant was very ill, not being recovered from the shock occasioned by the infamous conduct of her daughter, who, a few days before, had — married the footman! Lady Warynton then called up her sighs, and distributed a due measure of those *gentle gales*, which fan the *sorrows of a friend*. The wonder of the ladies was so great, that, as they afterwards declared, “ they *some how* revealed the “ circumstance to *some others* before they “ were

“were aware.” The history soon circulated, and in a little time reached Sir Edward, through the consolations of those who were not apprised of his ignorance respecting it. He was really much shocked, his pride was mortified, his *knowledge of the world* was again melted down to its real value, and his daughter had ruined herself, notwithstanding all his precautions. For some time he gave no credit to the story; but Emily’s appearance soon confirmed it. She entered the room, unconscious of Lady Warynton’s manœuvre, and was astonished, at her appearance, to perceive the general consternation. Sir Edward’s passion overcame his prudence; he went up to her, and with a look of indignation seized her hand: “Wretch!
 “is this intelligence true? Have you
 “ruined

“ruined yourself, by marriage with a
 “scoundrel?” Emily’s terror, at the violence and the abruptness of the question, was so great, that she could not speak. At that instant Bruce, by chance, came in: to all parts of the room the whisper was led by Lady Warynton; and “Here is the villain!” was the general cry. Sir Edward, quitting Emily, flew to Bruce, and collared him, exclaiming—“I’ll be the death of this rascal, for seducing my daughter!” Bruce disengaged himself from Sir Edward’s gripe, and enquired (what he but too quickly perceived) the cause of his displeasure. Sir Edward grew more calm, and asked if what he had just heard was true. Lady Warynton, without permitting him to reply, stalked up to them, and gave an answer: “Yes, yes,
 “Sir

“ Sir Edward, they were married the day,
 “ before yesterday — take my word for
 “ it. I fear it will break poor Lady Bry-
 “ ant’s heart — As to this young fellow,
 “ who he is, I know not; but I suppose it
 “ was her money tempted him.” Emily
 fell senseless on the floor; Bruce ran to
 assist her; Sir Edward brutally tried to
shove him aside, but could not effect it.
 When Emily recovered, Bruce was or-
 dered to leave the room, and was over-
 whelmed with taunts from every tongue.
 His dignity and his sensibility were at last
 inflamed, and he desired to be heard: it
 was long before they would permit him to
 speak, till he declared he would not quit
 Emily, who was then his wife. They
 suffered him to address them, and he spoke
 as follows: “ Before a company, pre-

“judiced by the reports of a malignant
 “woman, I should hardly think it worth
 “while to vindicate myself, but the choice
 “of Emily demands my utmost endea-
 “vours to rescue her character from any
 “imputation. If she has been guilty of
 “indiscretion, in receiving me as a hus-
 “band, let her plea be the ardour and
 “the integrity of my affection. Let her
 “pardon be granted, in consideration of
 “those sufferings which she has under-
 “gone from the officious antipathy, and
 “the ferocious brutality, of a woman
 “whose conduct alienated her mother’s
 “fondness, drove her to despair, and then
 “proclaimed her actions with vindictive
 “alacrity. This woman is now before
 “you ; she is too depraved to be corrected,
 “and too despicable to be reproved : the
 “respect

“respect I shall always entertain for this
 “company, induces me for the present to
 “dismiss her from my remembrance. Of
 “you, Sir Edward, I must now solicit
 “pardon and pity. The fond partiality
 “I have long entertained for your daugh-
 “ter, my charming wife, will easily be
 “forgiven when you hear my story. That
 “I loved her for herself alone, will be
 “obvious, if you are told that I first saw
 “her at Sir Harry Hyndley’s.”——Sir
 Edward here interrupted him, and asked
 Bruce his own name.

A murmur of discontent ran through
 the company, and every one repeated,
 with disdain, the word “*Beggar!*”

Sir Edward looked fiercely at Bruce:
 “And who are you, pray, after all this

“ absurd story? who are you that have
 “ dared to rob me of my daughter? Who
 “ are your friends? what is your for-
 “ tune?” Bruce was incensed at the info-
 lence of the auditors: “ I might have
 “ merited better treatment, Sir Edward,
 “ for my candour and my attachment to
 “ Emily: for her sake, it gives me satis-
 “ faction that I am able to tell you, I am
 “ at least your equal !” Every one started,
 and a few sneers began to circulate, when
 he again excited their wonder, by adding :
 “ The husband of Emily is the son of Sir
 “ Stephen Bruce, who, I am deeply con-
 “ cerned to tell you, died yesterday morn-
 “ ing: I have the honour to present to
 “ you, Sir Edward, in the person of
 “ Emily, Lady Bruce, my wife.” A yell
 of

of disappointment, from Lady Warynton, followed Sir George Bruce's discovery. Sir Edward and the company were overwhelmed with wonder. Colonel Orford just then entered, and Sir George went up to him: "My dear Orford, the malice of our enemies has discovered my marriage with Emily. I desire you will console us, by acting the part of a real friend; give us joy, and assure Sir Edward that I am the son and heir of Sir Stephen Bruce."

Orford, after recovering his surprise, readily acquiesced: the company joined their heartfelt congratulations; and after the fatigue of their good wishes had been endured, Emily retired, and Lady Warynton trotted away to relate the story to Lady Bryant.

When the guests withdrew, Sir George Bruce, after entreating the pardon, and soliciting the paternal regard of Sir Edward Bryant, revealed a detection which set Lady Bryant's conduct in a very clear point of view: "Our enemies have pursued my Emily with all the rancour that malice and revenge could dictate, and laid their plans with as much artifice as if her ruin was the summit of their wishes: my evidence, for what I now declare, is this paper, which I must entreat Sir Edward will suffer me to read, for his conviction, and my justification." Sir Edward consented, and he read the following letter from Lady Bryant to Lady Warynton, which Lady Warynton had accidentally dropt from
her

her pocket upon the stairs, as she went to conceal herself in Emily's apartment.

" To Lady Warynton.

" Dear Warynton,

" THE creatures were married this morning. I find Emily was greatly distressed and agitated : very well ; she shall be more so before I cease to punish her insolent presumption, and affectation of beauty"—

Sir Edward Bryant here interrupted Sir George, and conjured him not to read it : the latter made no reply, but continued.

N 3

" I think

—“ I think the affair, my dear, is
 “ managed vastly well ; and so it ought to
 “ be. Who would be that horrid thing,
 “ a parent, outshone by the good qualities
 “ of a child, obscured by the wit and vir-
 “ tues of a rising offspring ? Not that
 “ Emily has these ; far from it : but the
 “ world, on purpose to be perverse, will
 “ think so. O, how I am gratified ! Be-
 “ lieve me, you will find many parents,
 “ like me, who, incensed at their children’s
 “ *insolent* good qualities, are obliged to
 “ take some method of restraining their
 “ reputation. They, as well as myself,
 “ are obliged to go carefully to work ; for
 “ the world, quickly seeing where the ex-
 “ cellence exists, are tremblingly alive to
 “ the wrongs of an injured child ; and
 “ the

" the parent who is thus injured by the
 " impertinent accomplishments, is obliged,
 " perhaps, to join the praises which man-
 " kind lavish on a detested and superior
 " dependant. I thank you for your help
 " in this affair: you must allow, that
 " pride, in a child, destroys all other me-
 " rit; and we are certainly right in what
 " we have done. Dear Warynton, her
 " power is over! How I thank you!
 " Let me see you to night.

" Your's gratefully,

" DOROTHEA BRYANT."

The detestation of Sir Edward, at hear-
 ing the letter, was almost equal to that of
 Orford: he perused it himself; he recog-

nized the hand, and the stile. Shocked at the contents, he took Sir George by the hand, entreated him to forget his past rudeness, and assured him that he should be happy to contribute to the happiness which might arise from his late union. He said no more on the subject; but, promising him to give immediate orders for proper accommodations during his stay, he again pressed his hand, took his leave, and retired.

Sir Edward still feared Sir George was insincere, for he knew, that in an affair of gallantry, his own principles would have been corrupted; and he verified the opinion of a man deeply skilled in human frailty: "Few men, I believe, think better of others than of themselves; nor do
 " they

“they easily allow the existence of any
 “virtue, of which they perceive no traces
 “in their own minds*.”

* Fielding's Amelia, Book VIII. chap. 8.

CHAP.

C H A P. XXXVII.

Je l'ai promis, je remplis mon serment ;
 A dire vrai, cette moderne histoire
 Est un peu folle, il en faut convenir :
 Est ce un défaut ? Non si c'est un plaisir.
 Un trait comique, un vive saillie,
 Marqués, au coin de l'aimable folie,
 Consolent mieux qu'une froide oraïson,
 Que prêche en vain lennuyeuse raison.

GRESSET *Le Lutrin Vivant.*

THE late accident, which developed
 the intricacy and established the
 happiness of Emily's marriage, miserably
 disappointed Lady Bryant, who had so
 long endeavoured, by dark cabals, to en-
 snare the innocence and destroy the safety,
 of her charming daughter. During three
 days

days she never appeared, nor was seen by any of the family, except Lewston. Lady Warynton frequently called, but was denied access. On the fourth day, the tempest of passion, which had raged in her soul, produced a violent fever; and, in a short time, Sir Edward was informed by the two physicians who attended her, that it was impossible she could survive many hours: they added their suspicions, that no cure could reach her, but what *ministered to a mind diseased*. Sir Edward paid her a visit: she received him with speechless rapture; and, when he approached the bedside, seized his hand, kissed it violently, and then, looking earnestly at him, presented a countenance in which her eyes were fixed by the phrenzy of delirium,

lirium, just yielding to the bitterness of anguish. She then suddenly sprung from his embrace; and, hiding her head in the pillows, poured forth the most dreadful groans. Sir Edward raised her in his arms, he entreated her to soothe her mind, and not give way to the emotions which might be caused by the sickness of imagination. He suggested every remedy which might assuage her sorrow, and at length proposed sending for some friend, whose company might cheer her spirits, without exhausting her strength. Lady Bryant grew more composed; she replied feebly, that she had no friend, nor did she deserve any. She again suddenly gazed at Sir Edward; and, again grasping his hands, uttered in a wretched tone—"Can
 "you

“you ever forgive a wretch!” Sir Edward started; but, immediately recollecting himself, he conjured her, once more, to be less agitated: he offered to leave her, that she might regain, by repose, a calmer state of mind; but she replied, that if he left her now, he would never see her, for that she could not live another day. She leaned, for some time, upon her hand; and addressing him with less violence, she again entreated his patience and forgiveness. While she uttered these words, Emily entered: she apologized for intruding, and went to her mother, whom she kissed with the utmost tenderness and duty. The pale, quivering lip of Lady Bryant, the sunk eyes, and the panting bosom, all denoted fresh agony at her ap-

“pearance.

pearance. She turned to Sir Edward:
 “ That child, that child, why does she
 “ reproach me with your injuries!—Go,
 “ Emily, for pity’s sake, leave me to
 “ wretchedness and death!” Emily and
 Sir Edward were both astonished; they
 feared that the disorder of her brain would
 return again; and therefore, after con-
 soling her, they proposed leaving the room.
 Lady Bryant besought them to stay; and,
 after many struggles, addressed Sir Edward
 in these words: “ The state of my mind
 “ must have shewn you, that there is a
 “ dreadful secret to be revealed; these
 “ sufferings are the effects of a conscience
 “ haunted by the remembrance of a crime,
 “ which nothing but your excessive love
 “ for me can ever prevail on you to for-
 “ give.

“ give. Say, you will forgive me, Sir
 “ Edward ; grant me pardon, and I shall
 “ die in peace.” He promised all she
 asked, and listened with wonder and im-
 patience to her words. Lady Bryant then
 said to him, with many tears, and in the
 most piteous accent : “ Emily, whose
 “ virtues have deserved better treatment ;
 “ whose beauties excited my cruel jea-
 “ lousy, whom you have loved with all
 “ the ardour of a father——that Emily
 “ ——can I speak it——You cannot for-
 “ give me, Sir Edward——that Emily is
 “ not your daughter !”

Lady Bryant hid her face, and wept
 bitterly : terror and dejection were painted
 in the countenances of Sir Edward and
 Emily. He at last enquired, with a fal-
 tering

tering voice, what she meant? She answered, in the utmost bitterness of anguish;
 “ You know little of my life ! Shame and
 “ grief will hardly permit me utterance
 “ to tell you, that the friend of my heart,
 “ when I married you, was Sir Harry
 “ Hyndley : he was then a husband, but
 “ his attachment to me was excessive, and
 “ Sir Harry Hyndley was the father of
 “ Emily.” At this declaration, Emily
 fainted ; and her mother, at the sight,
 sprung from the bed, and clasped Emily
 in her arms, who, with proper assistance,
 soon recovered ; and, upon looking around
 her, instantly threw herself at the feet of
 Sir Edward : “ How many obligations,
 “ Sir, have I to you ! How you have
 “ loved me, as if I had been really your
 “ child !”

“ child !” She then cast a look of anguish
 at her mother, which reproached her, with
 the most expressive eloquence, for her
 breach of virtue and honour, for the stain
 cast upon the name of Emily, and for the
 cruelty with which she had long treated
 her. Lady Bryant was severely wound-
 ed, and could not bear her looks. Sir
 Edward persuaded Emily to retire, and
 concluded his entreaties in these words :
 “ Your own conduct, Emily, has entitled
 “ you to my constant love and protection :
 “ your virtues and your beauty would do
 “ honour to the most elevated rank ; and,
 “ though I am the victim of your mo-
 “ ther’s crime, think not that you will
 “ ever be less dear to me : while I have
 “ life, I will esteem and protect you, and
 VOL. IV. O “ you

“you never shall want a father, while I
“have interest and fortune in my power.”

Emily wept her thanks, and withdrew. Before she went, she entreated Sir Edward's forgiveness towards her mother. He at length granted it with reluctance.

The delicacy of Emily was distressed by the necessity of imparting the secret to her husband. The natural frankness of her character, and her excessive fondness for him, would not suffer her to conceal it. She determined to divulge the story without delay. Sir George came into the room: he was alarmed at her tears; and, after many struggles, she told him the circumstance which had just taken place. He kissed her with rapture, and congratulated himself upon possessing a

fresh opportunity of shewing how much he loved her : “ I was attached to you by
 “ my admiration of your charms, and
 “ your virtues, not by my respect for your
 “ mother ; you never can be less worthy
 “ through the folly of others.” Lady
 Bruce’s gratitude was again kindled at his
 candour and his love. He who had been
 romantic when a lover, could be noble
 when a husband.

Lady Bryant, whose anguish at her
 daughter’s success, had been succeeded by
 the most bitter remorse for her own ex-
 ceable plans towards Emily’s destruction
 (crimes even more atrocious than her con-
 jugal infidelity) grew, in a few days, con-
 siderably worse : in the course of a week
 she terminated a life of secret guilt, ma-
 lignant envy, and detestable rancour

After passing some time with Sir Edward, the future arrangements of Sir George and Lady Bruce, with respect to their domestic regulations, were soon settled. They withdrew to their own house to partake the recompence of their past sorrows, to share the sympathy of mutual esteem, and to participate in the refinements of convivial gratification.

Many years of tranquillity succeeded these events: the establishment of a permanent station, and an elegant independence, enabled Emily to display, in the sequel of her life, those virtues which had been slightly sullied by transient indiscretion, and those accomplishments which had been carefully eclipsed by *the dark cloud of parental jealousy*: the world beheld

held her real character, glowing with genuine lustre, and expanded by studious emulation. The romantic enthusiasm of Bruce was, after his marriage, entirely rectified : he had seen enough to convince him, how despicably fallacious is that credulity which implicitly relies upon the ardour and the duration of any friendship. The disappointments of Evelyne, the sufferings of Emily, with other mortifications, the malignant effects of insidious attachment, were each of them a lesson, which his own reflections upon human life could never suffer him to forget. At Bruce's age, it was hardly a disgrace to have been duped by the frauds of friendship, and still less, to have displayed easy faith and intemperate fondness. He no longer

longer entrusted his glory, or his happiness, to such fragile expedients, but placed all his wishes in that domestic enjoyment, which blends with the fetters of matrimony flowers of every hue and every odour. From the consciousness of his own virtues, and from the contemplation of Emily's perfections, he derived that solid security and that generous pleasure, which constitute unblemished fame and unfading prosperity.

F I N I S.



